

THE MAGNIFICENT WORLD'S EXPOSITION AT PARIS, NEXT YEAR, SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED.  
THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE DREYFUS CASE—ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.  
THE STRANGE STORY OF THE KIDNAPPED BABY—ILLUSTRATED.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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## NEW YORK'S LIVELY SUNDAY AFTERNOON BICYCLE AND FLOWER SHOW.

THE CROWD OF FLOWER-LADEN SUNDAY RAMBLERS RETURNING FROM THE WOODS AND FIELDS IN THE SUBURBS OF NEW YORK—THE GAY PROCESSION AS IT APPEARS ON THE BOULEVARD, NEAR THE MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDINGS OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Our Christian Endeavor Prizes.

THE International Christian Endeavor Convention will be held in Detroit, from July 5th to the 10th. This remarkable association has between three and four million adherents in all parts of the world, and the coming convention will be one of the great events of the summer. Many of the Christian Endeavorers are well-known amateur photographers, and to add interest to the convention and to our illustrations of its proceedings, we offer a prize of ten dollars for the best amateur picture, snapshot or otherwise, of any scene, incident, or personage connected with the convention, taken by a lady, and ten dollars for the best amateur photograph taken by a gentleman. All photographs entered for the competition are to be available for such use as LESLIE'S WEEKLY may care to make of them in its pages, without further charge. We invite Christian Endeavorers who may take their cameras with them to Detroit to enter this free and fair competition. Photographs should be addressed to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York, and should be marked: "For the Christian Endeavor Amateur Contest."

## Endangering a Great Principle.

IT appears to be getting fashionable to take the starch out of the civil-service laws. Governor Black did it, with his customary courage and openness, in passing the Black civil-service law, and declaring frankly that his purpose was to make the law more practical in effect and more positive in operation. The Governor held that the examinations were too theoretical, and it is interesting to observe that one of Governor Roosevelt's new civil-service commissioners appears to hold the same view, for he has expressed his belief that the appointing power as well as the civil-service boards should be consulted in the preparation of more practical questions for examinations. On top of this we have the open proclamation of Governor Roosevelt that in the making of official appointments he will give preference, as far as he can with propriety, to persons recommended by the Republican organization. Governor Roosevelt's respect for politicians is further shown by his constant pilgrimages to New York to consult Senator Platt, the acknowledged head of the Republican organization, not only in reference to political appointment and measures, but also in reference to non-partisan questions like the tax-franchise bill.

While this unstarching process is going on in New York, President McKinley issues an order withdrawing from the classified service about 4,000 offices, and possibly affecting over 10,000 official appointments. The National Civil Service Reform League challenges this action of President McKinley, and declares that it is in direct violation of his personal pledges as well as the pledges of his party. The Ohio Republican State Convention, recently, in its platform and its speeches, strongly commended the action of President McKinley, and there is no doubt that the latter has given a strong impetus to the growing movement among the spoilsmen of both parties to uproot the principle of civil-service reform.

In our judgment, this is likely to prove the most serious result of the President's action. The conduct of his Democratic predecessor, in issuing an order intended to prolong the tenure of Democratic office-holders, was accepted as a sufficient reason by many Republicans for the issuance of President McKinley's order of recent date. We have never believed that one wrong justified another, and while fair allowance should be made for all the facts of the situation, for the tremendous pressure brought upon the President by prominent members of his party, and for the special claims made upon him on the eve of a Presidential year, yet, admitting every extenuating and exasperating circumstance, the friends of the civil-service-reform idea must still insist that a severe and unnecessary blow has been struck at a principle which the spoilsmen have long detested and which they have constantly sought to destroy.

It seems to be the function of the office-seeker and office-holder to discuss the civil-service question from their point of view, with loud voice and commanding gestures. The great mass of the people, who, while attending to their business, have neither time nor disposition to enter into this discussion, but who, nevertheless, are profoundly impressed with the merits of the civil-service-reform principle, may sometimes appear to be in the minority. But noise does not always indicate numbers. It is the silent vote that wields the balance of power, and those who are engaged in

the process of openly or secretly knocking the props from under reform principles will, we verily believe, realize their mistake when the ballots come to be counted.

The degradation and shame of the civil service of our great municipalities have long made decency blush. The redemption of that service is a most difficult task, but it has been materially aided by the moral influence of an improved State and Federal civil service under the application of reform ideas. So great has been this improvement that even the politicians have been compelled to indorse, in their party platforms, the principle of civil-service reform. How that indorsement can be given at the next Republican National Convention, coupled with an indorsement of the new order of President McKinley, remains to be seen. But the principle has withstood prolonged and bitter opposition from the date of its enunciation, and it still lives and grows and maintains its hold upon the minds of thoughtful people. It has suffered, but it will survive, and ultimately will triumph.

## What Victoria Has Seen.

CROWNED heads hold a low place in the scale of longevity." If the French author of this expression had foreseen Victoria his assertion would not have been quite so sweeping. England's Queen, born eighty years ago, has long passed the Psalmist's span of years. She has gone much further beyond the average official life of the world's crown-wearers. Sixty-two years will have passed on June 20th since she ascended the throne. This exceeds in duration by over two years the reign of her grandfather, George III., hitherto unexampled in British annals. No other monarch of a great nation in the world's history has been on the throne as long except Louis XIV. of France, seventy-two years, and he was only five years of age when he became titular King, and during his minority his mother ruled in his stead as regent. Victoria, however, was eighteen at the time her predecessor died, and she has exerted sway ever since.

Victoria during her life-time has seen the entire world transformed. On the day of her birth, May 24th, 1819, the first steamboat which ever crossed the Atlantic or any other ocean started from Savannah to Liverpool, making the voyage in twenty-six days. The same distance is now made in less than six. She was six years of age when the first railway-train in the world started to carry passengers. She was eighteen years of age, and had just ascended the throne, when the Morse system of telegraphy and that of Cooke and Wheatstone were first patented. Thirty-nine years of her life had passed when the first cable was laid under the Atlantic, and that one almost immediately ceased to operate. Fifty-six years of it expired before the first telephone went into practical operation.

Scott and Byron were in their prime when Victoria first began to read the printed page. None of the great writers—Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, Tennyson, George Eliot, the Brownings, and the others whose names have cast a glory over her country during the past half or two-thirds of a century—had yet begun to work. Darwin, whose labors have revolutionized science and have profoundly affected the thought of moralists and theologians, was yet unheard of.

At the time of Victoria's birth the tramp of Bonaparte's armies had just ceased to shake the world, and Bonaparte himself was a prisoner on a British island in the South Atlantic. She has seen every throne in Europe vacated many times. She has seen her own country transformed politically from an oligarchy, in which only one out of fifty of the population was permitted to vote, into a democracy in which the voters number one out of six of the inhabitants. France has changed its form of government four times since her early girlhood days. Italy, then only a "geographical expression," to use Metternich's phrase, has since become one of the great Powers of Europe, while the empire of Germany was still far in the future.

The United States was in the midst of the "era of good feeling" when Victoria was born. Monroe has had nineteen successors in the Presidency since that time. This country had only 9,000,000 population then. Buffalo and Pittsburg were frontier towns, and not a house existed on the site of the magnificent metropolis of the West, Chicago. The annexation of Florida, Texas, New Mexico, California, and Alaska, to say nothing of the more recent accessions of territory, all came since Victoria's birth. The world's map has been changed in many places, the world's ideals have been altered in many respects, and the whole face of human society has been transformed in the four score of years which have elapsed since Britain's Queen first saw the light.

## Block Signals on the Reading.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1st.—One of the results of the recent disaster on the Reading Railroad at Exeter is a decision by the officials of the company to equip the main line with a system of automatic signals. The Atlantic City line, the road from Jersey City to Trenton Junction, and the Bethlehem division to Fort Washington have already been equipped.—New York Sun, June 2d.

THE promptness with which this decision has been reached is creditable to the Reading management, and the additional fact should be stated, in justice to the railroad, that for years past, under the intelligent direction of President Harris and Vice-President Voorhees, it has been equipping, from year to year, with the Hall block signals and the very best safety appli-

ances of all kinds, section after section of the road, to the extent that the earnings of the property would justify without doing injustice to the interests of the bond- and stock-holders. In this way, a large part of the Reading system has been equipped with automatic signals, and it was the irony of fate that the recent disaster just happened to occur on a section where the work was incomplete.

The severe criticism of the Reading Railroad in which some newspapers have indulged is hardly justified, considering all the circumstances. The management of the road, which has always been marked by much conservatism and no less by great enterprise, could not foresee that such a penalty would have to be paid for the failure to promptly equip the entire system without regard to expenditure involved. It seemed to be wiser to follow the customary course and to continue the equipment of the system with automatic signals from time to time, as surplus earnings might justify. But the result has shown that there is such a thing even as unwise conservatism and unwise economy, for the loss involved by the recent accident will no doubt reach an aggregate that would go a long way toward the equipment of the remaining portion of the system with the block signals.

There are two ways of getting on in this world: one by paying for your own experience, which is expensive, and the second by profiting by the experience of others, which is cheaper. We allude to the case of the Reading Railroad at this particular juncture for the purpose of calling its costly experience to the attention of certain other prominent railroads. They may find it greatly to their profit if they will bear this experience in mind and govern themselves accordingly.

## The Plain Truth.

It is beginning to be believed that the civilian peace commissioners sent to the Philippines had better have been kept at home. Admiral Dewey, who showed such rare executive ability in handling the Filipinos and the Spaniards after the surrender of the latter, might well have been intrusted with the completion of the task which he began so well in Manila Bay. His abrupt departure from Manila has led to the suspicion that he did not care to remain to participate in the work of a commission in which he was only a minority member. Rumors also report that General Otis finds it difficult to reconcile his views of the situation and of the conduct of the campaign against the Filipinos with those of his associates on the commission. The latter is made up of three civilians and Admiral Dewey and General Otis, and the majority apparently believes that the treacherous Filipinos can be better won by favor than subdued by shot and shell. However excellent the theories of these civilians may be, we are inclined to concur in the general view that wars are fought with weapons more sanguinary and potential than after-dinner speeches and social pow-wows.

It was well said at a recent anniversary meeting of a business college in New York, by Vice-President James G. Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank, that "there never was a time when a young man needed a thorough business education so much as he does to-day." Mr. Cannon said that the consolidation of interests into so-called trusts is feeding out the small men and opening new opportunities for men of ability in managerial positions. He advised the shareholders of the great trusts to offer inducements to young men with ability and education to take the burden of conducting these great enterprises, and not to create for these young men "a clerical serfdom." There is strong common sense in these suggestions. The outcry against trusts and against wealthy men is due in a measure to the methods of both. It is time to advise moderation. Everybody has a right to do with his own as he pleases just as long as he violates no law and does injustice to no one but himself. But he who has great power should temper it with mercy, and he who has great strength should use it with moderation, and he who has great wealth should always expend it with fair limitations to his extravagance.

It has been well said that "diplomacy is the art of falsification." During the prolonged negotiations of our Spanish peace commissioners with the Madrid government respecting the ultimate destiny of the Philippines, and the other groups of Spanish islands in the far East, it was reported that Germany was to have the Carolines, the Ladrone, and Pelew islands. These reports were constantly denied by the best German authorities. But now it is officially disclosed from Madrid, that Germany has purchased the islands for \$5,000,000, Spain retaining a coaling-station in each group, which Germany undertakes to defend in case of war. No doubt Spain has thus rewarded Germany for its aid and friendship during the recent war. While the negotiations for the Philippines were being carried on, it was pointed out that our government should insist on the retention of all of the Spanish islands in that part of the globe. The \$20,000,000 gratuity to Spain would have warranted such a demand. Unfortunately, it was not made and, as a result, Germany controls naval stations on the routes of commerce from our Pacific coast and Hawaii to the Philippines—an advantage of the greatest value in case of war.

The recent extra session of the New York Legislature cost the tax-payers about \$12,000. Its purpose was to amend the franchise-tax bill, which was in the Governor's hands when the regular session adjourned. One of the amendments made at the extra session, it is now said, makes the law unconstitutional. This amendment took the assessment of corporation franchises out of the hands of local assessors and placed it in the hands of the State tax commissioners. It is now contended that the constitution requires that assessments must be levied by officers appointed by some local authority or elected by the electors thereof. This opens the door to litigation which may be indefinitely prolonged, and which, for the time being, and perhaps for all time, may relegate the much-talked-of franchise-tax bill to the limbo of innocuous desuetude. The extra session may, therefore, prove to be a waste of time and money. If the contention of the corporations is correct they have succeeded in unhand-somely tricking Governor Roosevelt. Had he signed the original Ford franchise-tax bill, there is little doubt that it would have added from ten to twenty million dollars to the revenues of various localities, and relieved our overburdened tax-payers to that extent.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—The West has produced many remarkable women; one of the most noteworthy is Signorita Jaguarina, of California, the

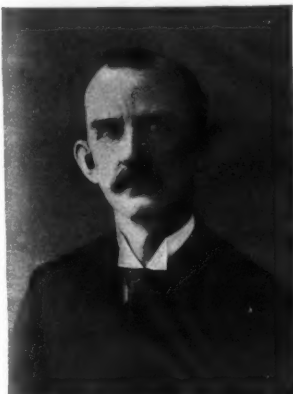


JAGUARINA, THE CHAMPION FENCER.

champion woman fencer of the world. She is thirty-three years old, and has been fencing for fifteen years. She is the only woman who has defeated trained cavalymen in contests with the sword on horseback, and numbers among her defeated opponents in mounted contests such well-known soldiers as Captain J. H. Marshall, of the Sixth Dragoon Guards, British Army; Sergeant Owen Davis, of the Second United States Cavalry, champion mounted fencer of the United States Army; Captain E. N. Jennings,

of the Eighth Royal Irish Hussars; Captain Conrad Wiedemann, of the German Army; Lieutenant Baron Arno von Freilitzsch, ex-officer of Austrian Cavalry; Sergeant Charles Walsh, Lieutenant Melville Gordon, of England; Charles Momen, of Germany; and Lieutenant Paul de Ville, of France. Jaguarina is one of the most splendidly developed female athletes in the world. She stands five feet eight inches, and, while appearing to weigh 150, she tips the scales at 193 pounds. The following measurements are significant of her remarkable physique: Chest, under arms, forty and one-half inches; hips, forty-two inches; waist, twenty-eight inches; thigh, twenty-eight inches; neck, fifteen and one-half inches; calf, fifteen and one-half inches; biceps, fourteen and three-quarters inches; forearm, twelve and one-eighth inches; and wrist, six and three-quarters inches. She has never used clubs, dumb-bells, or any gymnasia apparatus. She has secured her strength by a system of exercises of her own, the principle of which is development by contraction and relaxation of the muscles. In repose her muscles are like any ordinary woman's, but when contracted they are like iron, but do not display the unsightly bunching noticeable in men and badly-trained women. Jaguarina is a splendidly trained horsewoman. In her mounted sword contests she rides astride, military style.

—Whatever may be the outcome of the spirited rivalry in Massachusetts over the second place on this fall's Republican State ticket, there is but one name mentioned in connection with the nomination for the Governorship. Everybody who has anything to do with the shaping of the policy in the Bay State is agreed that Governor Wolcott's successor is to be the present Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Winthrop Murray Crane, the millionaire paper manufacturer of Dalton, in the western part of the State. Mr. Crane has been Lieutenant-Governor for three terms, during which time he has so popularized himself that no other name is thought of in connection



WINTHROP M. CRANE, NEXT GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS. Copyright, 1898, by E. Chickering.

with the Republican nomination for Governor. It is not often that in Massachusetts an aspirant for gubernatorial honors has such an easy road to success. A nomination means an election, and there is generally a contest over the honor. In the national councils of his party Mr. Crane is well known, having been a member of the national committee. He has received many unsought honors at the hands of his Republican friends in Massachusetts. In 1892 and 1896 he was sent to the national convention as a delegate-at-large, taking a leading part in the formulation of the policy adopted by the party on these occasions. Mr. Crane is in his prime, not quite forty-six years old, is of slight figure, retiring in disposition, and a man of firm convictions. He spends a deal of money in doing good among the poor and the unfortunate, and many a successful young business man in the State owes his start in life to the good offices of Murray Crane, as his friends call him. Mr. Crane inherited most of his wealth, and of late it has been materially increased, according to the financial gossips, owing to the rise in copper stocks, of which he is a large holder. Mr. Crane manufactures the fine paper which the Treasury Department finally converts into paper money, or its equivalent. His family has been established in the paper manufacturing business for a hundred years.

—The announcement that the wealthy Chicago business man and philanthropist, Philip D. Armour, who is under treatment at Nauheim, Germany, for heart disease, is improving in health will reassure those who have heard through the press that this notable American was nearing his end. Cable reports state that Professor Schott, whose peculiar treatment Mr. Armour is undergoing, finds a decided improvement in his patient since his arrival at Nauheim. The Schott treatment has attracted a great deal of attention during the past two or three years, and has wrought remarkable cures of diseases of the heart. As de-

scribed in the London *Lancet* this treatment consists mainly in the administration of baths of carbonic-acid water from the effervescent springs at Nauheim. This and a sort of gymnastic exercise to stimulate the heart's action are followed up by a plain and simple regimen, with plenty of gentle exercise in the open air. Everybody will rejoice to hear of Mr. Armour's recovery, for he is not only one of the wealthiest of our self-made Americans, but also one of the most generous and considerate. The Armour Institute, with its magnificent endowment, is only one of the monuments he has reared to survive him for all time and to add to the glory of the city of Chicago, in which Mr. Armour has always taken the greatest pride. Few self-made Americans have had a more remarkable career than Philip D. Armour, and few deserve in greater measure the delights and comforts of health and happiness and of a good old age. His many friends in every part of the world will hear with pleasure of his complete restoration to health, for public interest attaches to everything that Mr. Armour says or does.

—The transport *Sherman*, which took the Third United States Infantry and a battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry



CAPTAINS GRANT AND READ, THE SOLDIERS' FAVORITES.

from New York to Manila, a distance of 12,000 miles, is the finest troop-ship in the world, and the credit for the superiority of its equipment is mainly due to Captain James C. Read, who, as quartermaster-general of the army, had charge of the ship for the quarter-master-general of the army. He spent weeks before the departure from New York in properly fitting her out for the work of transporting 2,000 men on a single trip to the tropics. He provided every sanitary facility, an abundance of the best food, and especially bread and water in unlimited quantities. The baker's department turned out fresh bread as fast as the men could eat it, and wholesome water, sweet and cool, was abundant throughout the voyage, a luxury thoroughly enjoyed by the enlisted men on their trip to the tropics. There were three deaths on the seven weeks' voyage, but not one of them could be traced to unsanitary conditions on the vessel. Captain Grant, who also had much to do with the comfort of the men, is the sailing-master of the *Sherman*, and although the vessel was not noted for speed he broke the record by taking the *Sherman* over in forty-eight days, including five stops. Captain Grant was formerly in command of the *New York*, of the American line, and he is one of the most popular men in the public service.

—A distinct triumph was won during the recent dramatic season in New York by Miss Olga Nethersole, and her many friends will await with interest her return from Europe next fall, when she will bring with her a new play, "Sappho," with which she will open at Powers's Theatre, Chicago, on the 16th of October. Just before Miss Nethersole sailed from New York for London, on the 7th of June, her latest photograph was taken, which is presented herewith. It is one of the best of the talented lady that has ever been in print. A profound student, a conscientious worker, a fine elocutionist, Miss Nethersole has won well-deserved honors, and the past season has placed her in the highest ranks of her profession.



THE SOUTHERN MINISTER WHO DENOUNCES LYNCHING.

The subject is a delicate one, and most of the Southern clergymen have kept clear of it. Dr. Broughton, however, has not hesitated to denounce lynching in the strongest possible terms,

and his words have had much effect in enlightening his hearers as to the demoralizing result of the practice upon the community as well as upon the colored people. He has pointed out that lawlessness in the whites does not have the effect of checking it in the negroes. Dr. Broughton's forceful attacks upon lynching are given added weight by his wide popularity as a preacher. After studying medicine in Louisville and New York City, and practicing for three years and a half, he entered the ministry in 1891, at the age of twenty-five. His first pastorate was in Winston, North Carolina, where the church soon became too small for the congregation. After two years he was called to the Calvary Baptist Church, of Roanoke, Virginia, where he built the largest church in the State and had the largest congregation. He became pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Atlanta in 1898, and upon his first anniversary there, in March, 1899, his congregation had erected for him a new tabernacle holding 3,000 persons. Dr. Broughton was born near Raleigh, North Carolina.

—The man who was shot twenty-six times in the Filipino outbreak and who has received the most terrible wounds in



PRIVATE KRIDER, SHOT TWENTY-SIX TIMES AT MANILA.

the Manila campaign, and still survives, is D. W. Krider, of Wharton, Ohio, a member of the Third Regular Artillery. Private Krider was shot twenty-six times in the engagement on February 4th. His companions thought he was dead, and he was reported to be so two or three times. He was shot at half-past one in the afternoon, and because he was thought to have been killed, was not treated by the surgeon until nine o'clock that night. His escape from death on the field is little short of miraculous. If he recovers he will be crippled for life.

—When a Samoan girl wants the Polynesian equivalent of a party-dress or other article of festive attire, there is no obstacle



HOW A SAMOAN GIRL DRESSES.

to be overcome save that laziness which seems the chief aim of life on the tropical beaches. Certainly there is no question of where to get the means to pay for the new costume, and there is equally no concern about the *modiste*. The material grows close at hand on the shrubs or *ti*-trees about every house, and the dress-maker is the same as the wearer. The only article of gaudy apparel which distinguishes the feasters in Samoa is a gay girdle known as the *titi*, or, as more commonly spoken in the Apia dialect, the *kiki*. At dances and in the many ornate processions without which Samoan village life would lose even the little interest it has, these *kikis* are worn over the ordinary *lavalava*, or waist-cloth. They are formed of ribbons of bark one or two inches wide, dyed in brilliant hues, and crinkled so as to form wavy outlines. These ribbons are dependent from a plaited band of the same sort of bark, which is generally further ornamented with conventional sprays and flowers of the same material. This bark is very easily obtained by the woman who wants to adorn her gown; all that is needed is to strip the coarse and green outer bark away and then peel off in a continuous ribbon the white inner bark. While this is still wet with the sap it is dyed and then rolled into a tight cylinder to dry and at the same time to set flat. With this material the deft fingers of the Samoan girls are at no loss to perfect some article of personal adornment. Just as all Samoan carpentry has had to develop without any idea of the nail or spike, so the art of dressmaking has had to get along without the needle. In the making of these *kikis* no instrument is used to re-enforce the fingers. It is all done by a combination of braiding and basket-work, and is as expeditious as it is simple. These girdles are picturesque and savage, the colors are essentially crude and primary, they wreck every canon of art, but, seen in their appropriate surroundings in the brown lights of Samoan houses illuminated by fat torches of coconut-leaves, they lose most of their garish tones and are seen to be well adapted to the crude life in which they have developed.



## Weapons of Warfare.

THE THREE KINDS OF RIFLES USED IN THE AMERICAN SERVICE—SOME OF THEIR PECULIARITIES.

WHEN the Rebellion broke out there was practically no such thing as a breech-loading gun in the country. The armies were supplied with old muzzle-loading rifles, and percussion caps were considered a wonderful invention. About 1863 breech-loaders and magazine guns and numerous other contraptions found their way into the hands of some of our troops, but their mechanism was imperfectly understood and the guns got out of



BREECH OPEN—THE FIRST AT THE TOP IS THE KRAG-JØRGENSEN; THE SECOND, THE SPRINGFIELD; THE THIRD, THE LEE.

order easily. Most of these breech-loaders came from German and Belgian workshops, and their construction was most imperfect; for those were the days when an honest government contractor had not yet been born.

The first war to effectually establish the superiority of the breech-loading mechanism was the Prussian-Austrian war of 1866. Bismarck and Von Moltke had had their keen eyes on the lessons of our struggle, and the result was the celebrated needle-gun, which annihilated the Austrians at Königgrätz, equipped with muzzle-loaders. Then came the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, and the improved needle-gun *versus* the Chassepot, both breech-loaders. This settled the controversy, although both guns were found more or less unsatisfactory. The success of the breech-loader *per se* remained undisputed, however, and the next step forward was the magazine-gun. In itself this was not a new idea. The French had it in 1878 in their Mitrailleuse, which was merely a number of gun-barrels fed from a hopper or magazine.

After our Civil War we made little or no progress as regards small arms. When the Spanish-American war came we found

ive arm of the American service. Its notable simplicity, rapidity of action, and accuracy over ranges up to a mile and three-quarters, caused it to be retained in the service, to the exclusion of other guns, until the adoption of the magazine firearms abroad compelled the army and navy to make a change. This change was accomplished with great difficulty, and army officers unhesitatingly assert that to-day, after nearly two years' steady use of the new army regulation rifle, most of our enlisted men can do better work with the Springfield. The facilities of the gun arsenals to furnish cartridges for the old guns were practically unlimited, and after carefully considering the matter from every point of view, the officials decided that it was out of the question to arm volunteers with the new magazine rifle.

The Springfield is a single loader, .45 calibre, and each man carries 100 rounds of cartridges whose penetration in oak is only 3.3 inches, while that of the modified Krag-Jørgensen adopted by the army is 24.2 inches. The latter gun is of .30 calibre and each man carries 175 cartridges. As far as rapidity of fire is concerned, in practical use the Krag-Jørgensen has not been found to surpass the Springfield; but on account of the greater penetration of the former's projectiles and its flatter trajectory the danger space in front of it is greatly augmented, and, firing into a large body of the enemy, each of its nickel-steel bullets will probably kill two or three men where the Springfield would kill one. This advantage, however, would completely disappear if the enemy were in single rank or in extended order.

The Krag-Jørgensen belongs to that class of arms in which the magazine is of fixed type, lying below the barrel, the capacity of the magazine being five cartridges, which are inserted singly. In its operation the bolt handle is turned upward to the left, pulled back as far as it will go, thereby cocking the piece and throwing the cartridge into the chamber, and then, pushing the bolt forward with the rotation to the right, the weapon is locked ready for fire. When the chamber is full its projectiles may be discharged in fifteen seconds, but it is doubtful if such rapidity with effective aim would be secured in the face of an enemy. The Krag-Jørgensen is a Danish invention in use by the Danish army and by several other countries.

The navy gun, on the contrary, is purely an American production, and, although its inventor supplied Great Britain with that country's present small arm, the United States Lee rifle is unlike any weapon in the world, and is believed to be superior to all others. Its exceedingly small calibre of six millimetres, approximately .2362 of an inch, renders it feasible for each man to carry 180 rounds of cartridges, weighing only eight and one-third pounds. It is a rapid-fire arm rather than a magazine-gun, its magazine being separate, and holding five cartridges in a clip which is quickly taken from the belt and thrown into place, just in front of the trigger, and thrown away when emptied. The naval arm is a straight-pull rifle, the block simply being pulled backward and shot forward to lock the cartridge ready for fire. This operation is habitually performed with the gun aimed, without removing it from the shoulder.

The reduced calibre results in a lighter gun, with less shock of recoil, double the muzzle velocity and danger space, and more than double the penetration, of the Springfield. The bullet is hardened lead, with a jacket of cupro-nickel steel, and its penetration in hard pine five feet from the muzzle is sixty-two inches, which is greater than that of any other arm in existence. It is provided with no ramrod, as in the case of other weapons, but a cleaning cord is carried in the recess in the butt. The only objection to the gun as at first issued to the service—which objection has, however, been remedied—was found in the liability of a part of the locking device to become loosened too easily and to get lost. The excellent performance of Colonel Huntington's marine battalion at Guantanamo Bay, with the high Spanish mortality in that vicinity,

showed what the navy rifle could do against the enemy, this being its first trial in actual warfare.

After all is said and done, the Springfield arm is a thing of the past. The Krag-Jørgensen and the Lee can outshoot it by more than a mile. In addition the Springfield has a tremendous "kick," and a man in action for several hours will come out of it with his shoulder black and blue. Moreover the Krag-Jørgensen and Lee weapons are more humane than the .45 calibre Springfield. They stop an enemy just as quickly, but the wound inflicted, because of the great velocity of the nickel-plated bullet, is not so ghastly nor so deadly. Smokeless powder is more easily applied to both these arms, hence it is only a question of time when the Springfield will be entirely superseded even in the hands of the national guard.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

## June—In Honeymoon Valley.

Flowers a-blossom and songsters a-tune,  
Rifling each rose are the bandits, the bees,  
Honeymoon Valley's an Eden in June,  
Sweet as the dreams of lost Hesperides.  
Lovers, why stay in the city to sigh?  
Come to the valley with Molly and I.

All who are lonely in Bachelor Flats,  
Weary of marts with their greed and their gain;  
All who have horrors of tipples and cats  
Spinsterhood brings, ye of Maidenhood Lane,  
Wave to your landlord a hurried good-bye,  
Come to the valley with Molly and I.

Honeymoon Valley's an Eden in June,  
Largesse of love is the rent you've to pay,  
Come all ye couples whose hearts are in tune—  
Minister-guides always show you the way!  
Earth is forgotten and heaven is nigh,  
Here in the valley with Molly and I.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

## Wonders of the Paris Exposition.

THE UNITED STATES HAS BEEN ALLOTTED THE LARGEST SPACE AND WILL HAVE THE FINEST EXHIBIT.

ABOUT three hundred and sixty acres of land lying on both sides of the river Seine, in the heart of Paris, will have been transformed into one of the most wonderful spots the world has ever seen when the great main entrance of the Paris Exposition is opened to the public on April 15th, next year. It is impossible to do more than merely hint at the great beauty of the buildings and the remarkable range and variety and interest of the exhibits. The exposition will be a supreme effort of the French and will be a very memorable monument to their greatness and to that of a number of the nations which will be represented.

It is gratifying and interesting to know that the exhibits of the United States have been allotted more space than those of any country outside of France. Seven buildings are now being erected under the direction of Commissioner-General Peck, representing the United States government, for products of this country. The architect of our buildings is Charles A. Coolidge, of Boston, who will make all of the buildings conform in greater or less degree to a model similar to that of the Capitol at Washington. A million dollars will be spent on the electrical display of the United States. In the centre of the mining exhibit will be a column of gold worth the same sum in money. The educational and textile displays of this country will also be particularly elaborate. But all phases of American industry will be represented with much completeness. At Vincennes, seven miles from Paris, where there will be an annex of the exposition and where most of the agricultural exhibits will be made, the United States will be very prominent. In addition to American agricultural methods and implements and products being shown here, distinctive phases of American life, such as that on the plains and among the Indians, will be illustrated.

Commissioner-General Peck has been able to get about 300,000 square feet more of space than that allotted to Russia, which comes second in area obtained. Germany is third, and England fourth. While Germany has not been so successful as ourselves in obtaining space, she is ambitious to outshine the world in the matter of her exhibits, and is closely watching the United States as her most formidable rival. We are paying Germany the same compliment, and there promises to be a battle royal in industrial displays between Uncle Sam and the subjects of Kaiser William.

The purely spectacular and ornamental features of the exposition are being looked to by France, and will leave little or nothing to be desired. A single style of architecture will prevail in all of the French buildings. This will be very ornate and on original lines. It is said, indeed, that the French architect, M. Moran Goustierux, desires to make the exposition the opportunity for the founding of a new school of architecture. Three buildings, the Grand and the Petite palaces of fine arts, and the Bridge of Alexander III. over the Seine, will be permanent additions to the architectural beauty of Paris. The Grand Palace will cost \$3,000,000, and the bridge about the same sum. The latter will be composed of granite, marble, and bronze on a frame-work of steel, and, adorned with statuary, will far surpass in point of beauty and general magnificence any bridge that has ever been built. In addition to these features there will be the Eiffel Tower, a Ferris wheel larger than the one at Chicago, a marvelous volcano as high as a hill, which will belch forth flame and lava every evening, and many other things calculated to amaze the visitor.

But the exposition will occupy only about half as much space as was given to the world's fair at Chicago, and, notwithstanding the great aims and labor of the French and their genius for fine effects, it will not equal, in the opinion of Commissioner-General Peck, the impressive beauty of our own "White City."

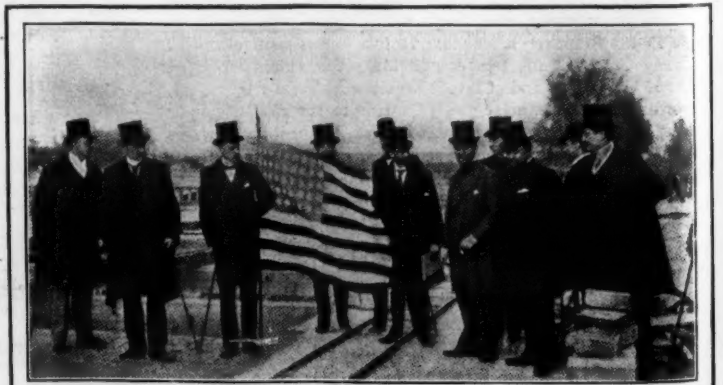
J. H. W.



BREECH CLOSED—THE FIRST AT THE TOP IS THE KRAG-JØRGENSEN; THE SECOND, THE SPRINGFIELD; THE THIRD, THE LEE.

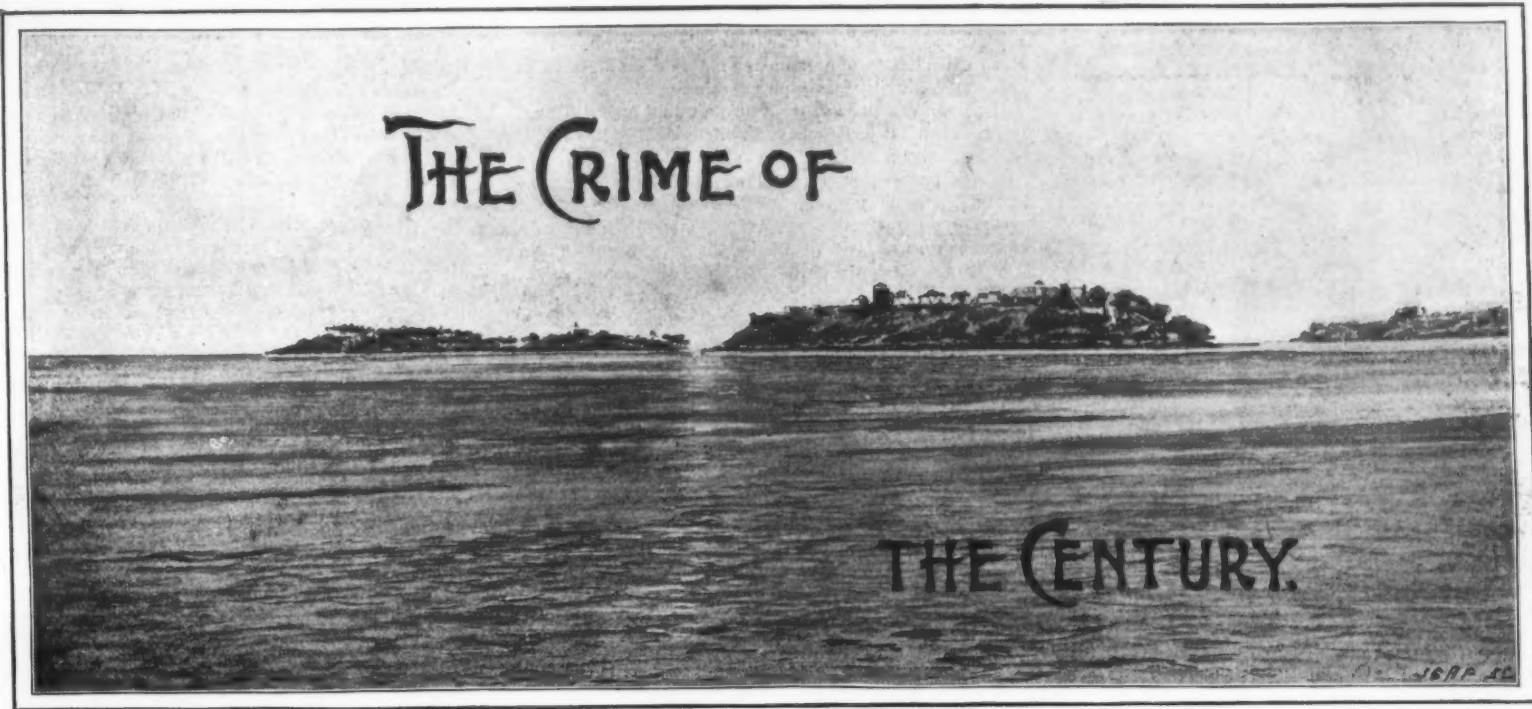
the three branches of the armed forces of the United States equipped with different weapons possessing different calibres, breech mechanism, and other essential features. Foreign military experts severely criticised this lack of uniformity in arms and ammunition, which would not be countenanced in any European service, but American experts, many of whom had experience with the great variety of weapons used with such telling effect in the Civil War, declared that upon uniformity comparatively little depends, while with variety practical advantages are secured. They pointed to the fact that battle-ships and cruisers have never been armed exclusively with a single calibre, and that even ashore, guns best adapted for one purpose are worthless for another.

The necessity for supplying Springfield rifles to the hastily mobilized volunteer forces was unavoidable, as no other arms existed in sufficient quantities in the United States for the speedy equipment of so many men; and in the second place, all the volunteers were acquainted with this excellent weapon, while months would have been required to familiarize them with the complicated mechanism of the arms adopted by the army and navy. The old Springfield, until a few years ago, was the effect-



COMMISSIONER PECK PLANTING THE AMERICAN COLORS ON THE SITE OF THE UNITED STATES' EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.





DEVIL'S ISLAND, WHERE DREYFUS WAS IMPRISONED.

THE FAMOUS DREYFUS CASE, THAT HAS SET FRANCE ON THE VERGE OF A REVOLUTION—THE STORY THAT SOUNDS LIKE PURE FICTION AND YET IS ABSOLUTE TRUTH—NO ROMANCE OF ZOLA'S OR HUGO'S HAS EVER SURPASSED THIS IN THE ABSORBING INTEREST OF ITS PLOT.

THE story of Alfred Dreyfus, tried, convicted, and sentenced by a French court in 1895 on the charge of selling state secrets to the German government, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of the world. The truth of it, even so far as now disclosed, is stranger than any fiction ever penned, even by a Hugo or a Dumas. It is a story full of dramatic and tragic incidents, of foul intrigue and vile treachery, of suffering innocence and triumphant villainy, of forgery, assassination, suicide, and almost every other crime and wickedness known to desperate and degenerate men. It involves religious fanaticism and race prejudice of the most virulent type, the blind rage of Parisian mobs and the treacherous cunning of men who have reduced knavery to a fine art. The dark and dreadful drama rolling out through five long years has drawn into its fatal web some of the noblest names in France, has brought about the overthrow of five French cabinets, driven three men to suicide, twelve to exile, and many more to everlasting disgrace. It has set the army over against the people and threatened the very existence of the republic itself. And the end is not yet. Dreyfus, the innocent victim of the plot, is at this writing on his way back to France from his lonely exile on Devil's Island. He is to be tried again before a new court-martial at Rennes, and there is no doubt that he will be acquitted with honor, and then, perhaps, another chapter of the story will begin.

The chief *dramatis personæ* of this latest and greatest of French dramas are the hero Alfred Dreyfus; his noble wife, Madame Lucile Dreyfus; his faithful friends, Colonel Picquart and Emile Zola, the novelist; his military judges, Colonel Sandherr and General Mercier, and the plotters, forgers and arch-villains, Esterhazy, Paty de Clam, and Henry. Back of these stand a host of men and women, many of high and some of low degree—generals, statesmen, diplomats, journalists, and men of letters, all more or less implicated in the plot and contributory to its tragic incidents and dramatic scenes.

Alfred Dreyfus is an Alsatian by birth and a Jew. He prepared himself for a military career at the École Polytechnique in Paris, and on his graduation in 1878 was appointed to a sub-lieutenancy. He gave special attention to the science of artillery, and his rise was rapid. By 1889 he had become a captain in the French army. In 1893 he was attached to the general staff, being the first Hebrew to hold that position. By this time he had married the sweetheart of his youth, was the father of two children, and had before him the promise of a successful if not a brilliant career.

But Dreyfus had the misfortune of being a Jew, and that itself in the eyes of certain of the baser elements around him was a crime hard to be forgiven. Then, again, he was studious, ambitious, and rising fast in rank and honors, and, therefore, a proper target for jealousy and envious detraction. And so it



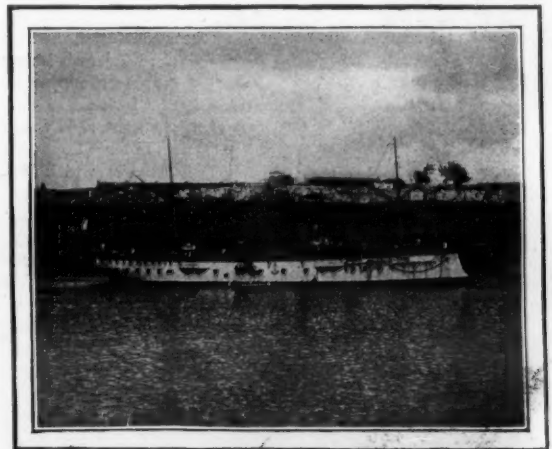
CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS, SENTENCED TO EXILE ON THE FALSE CHARGE OF SELLING STATE SECRETS.

came about that when in 1894 certain high-born and accomplished rascals wanted a victim on whom they thought it would be safe to transfer the odium of their own crimes, Dreyfus was selected as the man. Then began the spinning of the web of forgeries, conspiracies, false accusations, perjured testimony, trials, mistrials, and all the rest of the dark and miserable train of follies and crimes, obscuring long ago in their extent and enormity the original offense from which the scandal grew, and bringing woe and shame upon a multitude of people.

Early in the year 1894 spies of the French secret intelligence department recovered a letter from the office of the German embassy in Paris which seemed to indicate that some Frenchman was conveying secret information to that office. The letter contained this suggestive sentence: "This dog of a D— is really getting too greedy." The spies worked on this alleged clew, and in September, 1894, brought to light another incriminating document known to fame as the *bordereau*. This *bordereau* was in the nature of a memorandum noting five military secrets which the writer, who appeared to be an army officer, offered to convey to the unnamed person he was addressing. This memorandum was found torn in pieces in the waste-basket of Colonel Schwartzkoppen,

military attaché of the German embassy. It was turned over to General Mercier, the French minister of war, and a handwriting expert was found who pronounced it to be the work of Captain Dreyfus. Major du Paty de Clam, to whom the *bordereau* was assigned for investigation, hastened to confirm this suspicion, and Captain Dreyfus was summoned before him for examination. This inquisitorial process was in secret, and nothing is known of it except the version given out at the time by the redoubtable Paty de Clam. According to this story, Dreyfus trembled and broke down when confronted with the alleged proofs of his guilt. De Clam so reported to General Mercier, and Dreyfus was promptly arrested and taken to the Cherche Midi military prison. This happened on October 15th, 1894.

Two months later Dreyfus was put on trial before a court-martial in Paris. This trial was a farce of farces. It is now known that not a particle of credible proof was adduced against the prisoner. Monsieur Casimir-Perier, then President of France, has left it on record that only one incriminating document was laid before the judges, and that has since been proved a forgery. The three chief witnesses were Colonels Henry, Esterhazy, and Paty de Clam, whom subsequent events and disclosures have shown to be a trio of scoundrels of the deepest dye. Major Forzinetti, governor of the prison where Dreyfus had been confined, declared the prisoner's conduct to be that of an innocent man. Others testified to his good life and irreproachable character. But in spite of the efforts of faithful and able counsel, the passionate appeals of Madame Dreyfus, and the calm and dignified protestations of innocence on the part of the accused himself, Dreyfus was found guilty of the crime charged. He appealed to the Supreme Military Council, but was not heeded. On January 5th, 1895, he was publicly degraded in the courtyard of the École Militaire, suffering the punishment hardest of all for a soldier to bear, his sword being broken and his uniform defaced. A few weeks later, by a special law of the French Chamber, he was sentenced to life-imprisonment on Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana, and was conveyed thither without delay.



THE FRENCH CRUISER "SFAX," SENT TO BRING DREYFUS BACK TO FRANCE.



OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE "SFAX."

To all human foresight the case against Dreyfus was now closed. The Chamber of Deputies, when interpellated about it soon after, thus declared it, and the conspirators, high and low, thought they were safe and free. But it was not closed, but only well begun. The exiled victim had friends and loved ones in France who were determined that justice should be done though the heavens might fall. Chief among these was his devoted wife, Lucile, whose love and constancy knew no thought of failure or despair. To restore her husband to his own and to vindicate his name became the mission of her life, and gloriously and well has she pursued it to this day. Nothing was left undone by her that a woman's art and tact and love could do. Hosts of friends rallied around her and helped to fight her bat-





COLONEL HENRY, THE SELF-CONFESSED FORGER, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE.



COLONEL GEORGES PICQUART, SENT TO PRISON ON A FALSE CHARGE FOR HIS DEFENSE OF DREYFUS.



COLONEL DU PATY DE CLAM, A LEADER IN THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST DREYFUS, NOW IN PRISON.

ties in the public press, in the courts, and in legislative halls, and some of these paid dearly for their loyalty to her cause. Among the latter was Colonel Georges Picquart, who, in June, 1895, succeeded Colonel Sandherr, the madman, as head of the secret intelligence bureau of the War Office. About a year after his accession, documents came into Colonel Picquart's hands which convinced him beyond a doubt that the bordereau had been written by none other than Colonel Esterhazy himself, and that



GENERAL MERCIER, FORMER CHIEF OF THE FRENCH WAR DEPARTMENT, IMPLICATED IN THE DREYFUS CONSPIRACY.

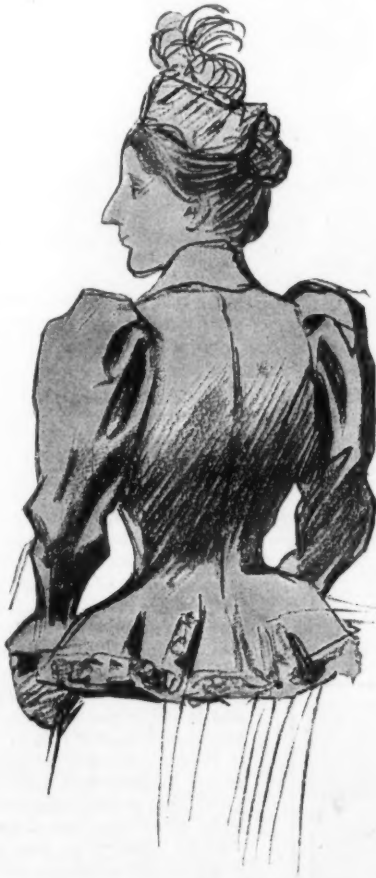
Dreyfus was innocent. He communicated the evidence he had and his belief to his military superiors, first to General Boisdereff and then to General Gonse. They would have nothing of it, for Esterhazy was then deep in their favor, and the result was that the justice-loving Picquart was sent off on a dangerous mission to the Tunisian frontier, with the hope that he would never return.

But other accusers of Esterhazy arose and finally it was decided to go through the form of a trial. Picquart was recalled from Tunis to give evidence ostensibly against Esterhazy, but really to secure his own condemnation, for so the War Office had decreed. Esterhazy was acquitted according to programme, and Picquart was again arrested on a trumped-up charge of forgery, convicted and sent to prison, where he is still. Another advocate to undergo sacrifice was Emile Zola, the famous novelist. He, too, became convinced of the innocence of the exiled Jew and of the guilt of Esterhazy, Colonel Henry, and the rest of the miserable crew. Stirred by these convictions and by an overwhelming sense of the injustice that had been wrought, Zola wrote a letter to the *Aurore* which set France in a new turmoil. In it he openly accused Esterhazy, Colonel Henry, and the chiefs of the War Office with being in a conspiracy to ruin Dreyfus and the good name of France. These bold accusations brought down upon Zola not only the vengeful wrath of the army chiefs, but the mad violence of the anti-Semite rabble of Paris. Shrieks and threats of torture and death were hurled at him in the streets. He was tried once for libeling the government and acquitted, and then again tried and condemned. Zola then fled to England and there he has remained until now, when his hour of triumph has come. He thus becomes one of the great moral heroes of his day.

But volumes would be needed to tell the whole dark and devious tale as the years have unfolded it since that sad day when Dreyfus sailed away a prisoner to the lonely islet on the

old Spanish main. The climax came, when on August 30th, 1898, Colonel Henry was faced with his forgeries before Monsieur Cavaignac, Minister of War, and charged with his crimes. The culprit trembled, prevaricated, grew confused, and finally broke down and confessed. It was he who had forged the documents used to convict Picquart, he and du'Paty. They had put lying telegrams on the wires to bring Picquart under suspicion and to shield Esterhazy. The day after this, Henry was found in Mont Valerien with his throat cut deep and wide. It was given out that he had committed suicide. It was whispered also that he was murdered by order of desperate men. Who knows? But with this confession and suicide, if such it was, the tide of public feeling and belief began to turn toward Dreyfus, and many events since that time have helped it on.

The pendulum began to swing toward justice and judgment for the guilty and the guiltless. De Castro, a broker of Paris, who had dealings with Walsin-Esterhazy, came forward to swear that the bordereau was in the handwriting of his former patron. Other proofs of this man's villainous career came up to light so thick and fast as to convince all but the blind and rabid anti-Dreyfusards that Esterhazy was a coward, a falsifier, and a criminal of the blackest sort, so that he at last, perhaps to escape Henry's fate, fled across the channel to England, to be hated and despised both here and there.



MADAME LUCILE DREYFUS, THE HEROIC AND DEVOTED WIFE OF THE EXILE.

mont and Rochefort upon everybody suspected of Dreyfus sympathies, of the secret evidence of the Dreyfus trial published in *L'Eclair* in 1896, the *fac simile* of the bordereau first published in the *Matin* in November of that year, of Zola's letters in the *Aurore*, and finally, and most remarkable of all, the publication of the secret testimony before the Court of Cassation in the *Figaro* during the present year, a feat of journalism which astounded Europe and which not even a heavy fine was sufficient to conclude and suppress.

Still another volume, and a large one, would be needed to rehearse that part of this eventful story in which the name of Dreyfus has been inextricably woven into the political history of France, of the way that it has divided political parties, become a war-cry in electoral campaigns, again and again wrought tumult and confusion in the Chamber of Deputies, and spread suspicion and distrust through every department of the government. Cavaignac's resignation of the war portfolio in September, 1898, because of the Henry fiasco was followed a few weeks later by

the resignation of his successor, General Zurlinden, because the latter was opposed to a Dreyfus revision. A month later still another war minister, General Chanoine, went down and out for the same reason, and after him the whole Cabinet. François de Pressense was expelled from the Legion of Honor because he raised his voice for Dreyfus, and others suffered social ostracism and political death for like offenses. There were accusations and recriminations, threats of riot and rebellion, and other resignations from high offices, all because of the exile away off on the coast of Guiana.

This was the situation when the present year opened. Events since then have been hastening to the end. In January Dreyfus's testimony, taken in his island home, was communicated to the Court of Cassation. In March the French Senate passed a bill providing for a revision of the case. Later we have the good news of the arrest and imprisonment in Paris of the agile rascal du Paty, the confession, in London, of his accomplice, the head villain Esterhazy, that he wrote the bordereau, and last and best of all the decision of the Court of Cassation which practically declares Dreyfus free of guilt, and orders a new trial to take place at Rennes as soon as the exile can be brought thither. We can well believe what the cablegrams tell us of the joy of Madame Dreyfus, whose undying devotion is soon to reap its rich and full reward, and of the triumphant satisfaction of Zola, Picquart, and other noble friends who have survived the obloquy and persecution once heaped upon all who dared to stand for truth and justice in this case. As for de Clam, Esterhazy, and their subordinates in infamy, Mercier, Boisdereff and the rest, all who have not been knifed or strangled, they may well be left to the judgment of God and their countrymen. Already Nemesis has overtaken some of the worst of them, and the shadows are gathering fast around them all. Henry and Le Mercier Picard, a tool of de Clam, have gone to their death, and others are facing a fate even worse than that. But for the traduced, the crushed, the exiled, the day of joy and freedom is at hand. For Picquart there is the hope of speedy pardon. Emile Zola returns to Paris with new glory around him. And Lucile Dreyfus, the wife, is soon to see the happiest day of her life, for the good ship *Sfax* is even now bringing her loved mate back to France, back to liberty, to honor and to her. In that glad homecoming all lovers of truth and justice the world around must rejoice.



M. CAVAIGNAC, MINISTER OF WAR, TO WHOM HENRY MADE CONFESSION.

## The Kidnapped Child—Marion Clark.

(Continued from page 496.)

your baby back safe and sound. If, instead, you make a big time about it and publish it all over, we will see to it that you never see her alive again. We are driven to this by the fact that we cannot get work, and one of us has a child dying through want of proper treatment and nourishment. Your baby is safe and in good hands. The nurse girl is still with her. If everything is quiet, you will hear from us Monday or Tuesday.

Thus was the simple proposition coldly stated. If Clark kept quiet he would get his baby. If not, murder might be necessary.

It was about this time that the police came into the case. Donohoe, the precinct captain, realized that the case was far beyond the scope of the local force, and telegraphed to Captain McClusky, the chief of the detective bureau. The first work lay in the examination of the messenger. He wept many grimy tears, but all that he could tell amid his sobs was that a woman had stopped him at Sixty-second Street and Second Avenue and had asked him to deliver the note, and had given him five cents.

Within twelve hours 8,000 men of the police force in New York, Brooklyn, and the surrounding districts were scouring the cities and the surrounding country for the child. The news of the abduction, penetrating into every home throughout the two cities, aroused mingled pity and rage in the hearts of all parents. Every man, woman, and child was turned into a detective, alert and watchful. The history of the next ten days is the history of all such cases from time beyond memory. Those unclean animals of modern life in New York, the notoriety seeker and the advertising fakir, rose to the surface as usual with specious lying to divert the search into a hundred false channels. Rewards for the recovery of the child offered by two newspapers added to the zest of the hunt.

The ninth day of the search was at an end, and all hope had departed. The mother was gradually sinking to her grave under the shock. The hearts that beat in unison with those of the parents grew heavy and sick. And only Captain McClusky and two or three of his men knew that within an hour and a half after the disappearance of the child, two young women, one carrying a baby girl, had taken a hall bedroom in a quiet little house in the obscurest quarter of Brooklyn, viz., No. 231 West Twenty-seventh Street, had remained there until Monday morning, and, after reading the newspapers, left the house in a hurry. One of these women was Belle Anderson, alias Carrie Jones. The other was the confederate, whose share in the story has yet to be told. To Mrs. James Cosgriff, the landlady of Belle Anderson, she described herself as Mrs. Phoebe Davis, a widow. Mrs. Cosgriff saw the portrait of Marion Clark published in the newspapers, identified it as that of the child whom she had seen, and at once communicated with the police. And more important than all, she remembered that the women had talked of a place, the name of which ended with —burg, and was somewhere in this State. And on this line Captain McClusky had been steadily working until he reached Sloatsburg, in Rockland County, New



York. The captain declares, and there is no reason to doubt his assertion, that he would have had the baby and the gang of kidnapers in his custody before nightfall of Thursday, June 1st, had he not been anticipated—by a woman.

Deep in the recesses of the Ramapo Mountains, far off the line of any railroad, is a pretty little hamlet known as St. John's. The hamlet possesses a handsome Gothic church of gray stone, a tiny parsonage, and a tinier post-office, the whole forming one building. And over the post-office, the Sunday-school, and the local mission there rules Mrs. A. B. Carey, one of those sweet, gentle, placid, old ladies of the type only to be found in such places and among people happily unconscious of the hurly-burly of the great world outside. The measure of her harmless, useful life lies in this little spot. She has but one companion besides her dog and the Rev. Mr. Merrick, who lodges with her, and it is found in the dainty, little lady of seven summers known by the name of Ruth Carey. "She's an orphan," says Mrs. Carey, tenderly. "I took her out of her dying mother's arms and made her my own child. If she had lain on my breast I could not love her more. I was blessed in the care of the orphan. I am doubly blessed in having restored a baby to its mother."

It was in the twilight of Wednesday afternoon when a fair-haired, slender woman, whose face was lined with the marks of suffering and care, entered the post-office and asked for the letters addressed to Mrs. J. Wilson. Mrs. Carey looked at the woman, looked at the child, and handed over the letters. But as the woman left the post-office, the postmistress rushed to a drawer, took out a copy of the New York Herald, and examined the picture of Marion Clark.

"It's the lost child," she cried.

"Trust a woman to know what to do," she said afterward, in telling the story. "I'll warrant that woman could have entered the office five hundred times where a man was, and he would never have detected her. Trust a woman's instinct where a child is in question."

She remembered that on that morning a man calling himself J. W. Wilson had spoken to her of his intention of taking a house in the district. The place was three miles down the road to Sloatsburg. He would look at it, he said, that day. "I got in my buggy and rode to a point near the house," says Mrs.

to plan the abduction of George G. McDonald, the nine-year-old son of a rich widow, and only the weakening of a confederate caused the failure of the plot.

The next record is found at the little village of Goshen, New York, where he appeared under the name of Wilson. And here he met Addie McNally, the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. McNally. Her grandfather is the editor of the Goshen weekly Times. She was just the type of pretty rustic girl found in so many up-State villages, teaching at the village school during the day, setting type at the case by night, and helping her father to run and edit the local paper. To see Barrow, with his Botany Bay ease and Tenderloin familiarity, was to love him, and, spite of all protest by her family, they were married and



THE KIDNAPPED CHILD ENJOYING TOYS PRESENTED TO HER AFTER HER RESCUE.—Photograph by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company.

left the town. They are next found at the Mills Hotel annex, in New York City. Their condition was desperate. Barrow was earning a miserable wage in the circulation department of the New York Evening Post. His wife was adding to their income by setting type. And it was here that they first met Belle Anderson, friendless, homeless, and despairing.

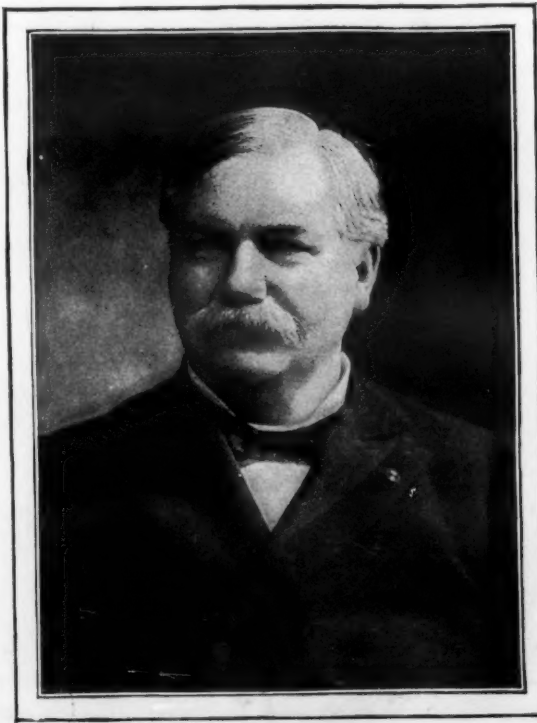
"Mr. Beauregard, as he called himself then," says Belle Anderson in her confession, "told me that it was the easiest thing in the world to make money by kidnapping children. He then detailed the plan, which was to hold the child for ransom. I cried very much, and begged him not to persuade me, but he and his wife talked and talked, and they had been kind to me, and so I gave in."

This strange story with a happy ending has not been without its diverting features. Chief among these is the spectacle of a Rockland County district-attorney, clinging with the tenacity of despair to his first and only case, and refusing to yield his prisoners to the might and power of New York. But it has at least taught us that love and sympathy are not yet dead, even in this age of material things; and in the person of Barrow it has provided the most instructive type of the perfect criminal degenerate yet known to medical science.

SAQUI SMITH.

### The Next Speaker of the House, David B. Henderson, of Iowa.

NINETY-THREE votes will constitute a majority of the Republican House of Representatives in the Fifty-sixth Congress, and more than this number have pledged their support for the speakership to David B. Henderson, of Dubuque, Iowa. At the outset there was every indication of a hot contest over the selection of this important official, and a number of distinguished Representatives were in the field. But, one after the other, they have withdrawn in the face of a situation that was entirely in Mr. Henderson's favor, until finally he is left as the acknowl-



HON. DAVID B. HENDERSON.

EXTERIOR OF THE YOUNG'S HOUSE, WHERE THE KIDNAPPED CHILD WAS KEPT BY HER ABDUCTORS.

Carey. "The man passed me on his way. But I noticed that he did not go into the empty house, but into the house beyond it. Then I knew that the child was secreted there."

The "house beyond" lies deep down in the woods off the roadside. From the road it is completely hidden. All around it are great masses of tangled underbrush and trees. Back of the cottage rise the Ramapo Mountains. A lonelier or more desolate spot it would be difficult to imagine. The cottage is owned by Charles Youmans, a laborer. Mrs. Carey took the next decisive step. Her business was to cause the arrest of the Wilsons. But she had two obstacles to overcome in the shape of a nervous deputy-sheriff and in a police-justice who failed to be at his office when he was most needed. The delay all but caused the escape of the culprits with the child. Somehow they had received a warning, and when Mrs. Carey and the deputy-sheriff reached the scene the husband and wife had gone. But the deputy-sheriff knew every inch of every road in those parts. He guessed that they would vanish into the undergrowth to emerge upon the road at a point farther on, and he was not mistaken. And presently the man known as Wilson and his wife were under arrest.

Five minutes later came Detective Sergeant Herlihy, of the New York Central Office, to claim the prisoners from the local authorities, only to find that the sapient Deputy-Sheriff Charleson had permitted the husband to go to New York. All that remained was the telegram to Captain McClusky, informing him of the recovery of the child, the arrival of the father to weep over her as she put her arms around his neck, and the recall to life of the mother in the first touch of the baby's fingers. With all possible consideration for the sheriff, Mr. Wilson returned to Haverstraw late that night and took his place by the side of his wife in the jail at New City.

His companion was not Belle Anderson, the Carrie Jones of the plot. Belle Anderson was hidden in her mother's home at Summit, New Jersey, only to be run to earth the following night by two newspaper men. And then, trapped and hemmed in on all sides, she broke down into tears, offered to turn State's evidence and reveal the story of the plot. "J. W. Wilson" is George Beauregard Barrow, the degenerate son of an able and respected judicial officer of Little Rock, Arkansas. In his boyhood he delighted in slashing the ears of horses, lacerating the paws of dogs and cats, and applying hot irons to the arms and hands of little children. In his manhood he blew up with dynamite the house of a club wherein he had been blackballed for membership, and was tried for arson. Being at a ball, he walked out into the lobby and with a penknife mutilated the hats and coats of the guests. A mania for kidnapping led him

edged choice of the majority. He says that he has not made a single pledge or a promise of a committee, nor has he been asked to. He supports the administration, and is an uncompromising Republican. Mr. Henderson is one of the most popular members of the House, and his friends predict that he will make a most acceptable successor to Speaker Reed.

Mr. Henderson was born in Scotland in 1840, was educated in the public schools and University of Iowa. He lost a leg in the Civil War, in which he enlisted as private in the Twelfth Iowa Volunteers, subsequently re-entering the army as a colonel of the Forty-sixth Iowa. He has been a prominent figure in Republican politics of his State and at national conventions, and has served sixteen years in Congress. A wife and one unmarried daughter constitute his family. He is a forcible talker, and his genial disposition has made him a general favorite.

### Wall Street's Sharks and Fools.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

THE brassy, measly peddler who stands at the street corner selling brass shirt studs for five cents apiece and shouting that he "guarantees" them to be gold, catches many a wandering fool. The "guarantee" is given by a man who never expects to see his customers again, and the customers never expect to trade with him a second time. But the word "guarantee" carries weight with it, and the fool and his money, now as ever, are soon parted. Every day's mail brings me letters of inquiry regarding the stability of a set of Wall Street sharks who offer to "guarantee" profits ranging from ten to one hundred per cent. per month to all who will give up their good money and trust the sharpers to invest it in the maelstrom of speculation. Scarcely a week passes without the report in the newspapers of the exposure, the flight, or arrest of one of these sharks. But the race of fools seems to be eternal, and it appears to be only necessary for the Wall Street bunco man to take a new name and to hire desk-room in Wall Street or one of its laterals to reap a new crop from a new line of customers. The flaring headings of his lithographed letter-sheets, his wonderful tales of success, and his invitation to everybody to come in and scoop up a fortune, dazzle the "lamb" who knows nothing of Wall Street's ways, and who will only profit by an experience for which they must roundly pay.

There used to be a fellow, a patent medicine sharp, who had an office in the Bible House, in New York, and who issued a sanctimonious circular, inviting every one to take his remedy and get well. Thousands of poor unfortunates believed in him because his letter was dated at the "Bible House," forgetting that the Bible House rents its offices to any apparently respectable party who can pay the rent. The Wall Street sharp always manages to impress upon his customers that his office is under the shadow of the Stock Exchange and that he personally contributes his daily share to the operations of that speculative centre. The peculiar thing about it all is that any one should be deceived by such preposterous offers. In the light of the fact that millions and hundreds of millions of dollars in the banks of New York are anxiously waiting opportunity for investment in good securities at three per cent., does it not occur to the thoughtless that if the aforesaid sharks could double their customers' money in a month or two, by some secret process of speculation, they would certainly keep this process to themselves and scrupulously guard it as one might guard the goose that laid the proverbial golden eggs?

"C. R.," Springfield, Illinois: I think better of Atchison preferred than I do of Southern Pacific.

"S. C. W.," Keokuk, Iowa: Would not recommend the party nor any one who makes such promises.

"C.," Chattanooga, Tennessee: Would have nothing to do with the parties.

"J. B.," Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: The investors' concern you allude to promises altogether too much to make me believe in it a little bit.

"Morton," Jersey City, New Jersey: I am reluctant to advise the purchase of American Sugar, because the stock is subject to so much manipulation. For investment, I should take the preferred.

"A Constant Reader," New Haven, Connecticut: I am not tempted by the inducements offered by Val Verde. (2) Investment securities always give you greater satisfaction and peace of mind than purely speculative stocks.

"W.," Cleveland, Ohio: I do not put much faith in the copper stocks that have fallen into the hands of manipulators. The friends of Anaconda insist that it will eventually have a further rise. I would take a profit if I had it.

"Reader," Boston: I do not believe in financial information bureaus of any sort. A regular broker will give you just as good advice as any irregular outsider. (2) The parties are not rated very high, though they do a considerable business.

"L.," Portland, Oregon: Continental Tobacco was freely bought two months ago on the prediction of a decided rise. The liquidation in it has been heavy, but its friends are still confident that it will advance. (2) I never believed in the project referred to.

"B.," State College, Pennsylvania: I do not regard Malting preferred as a first-class investment, but it is considered to be a very fair industrial. (2) You have a good profit in Lamson. Why not take it? If you want to try a cheap industrial, put your profits in Union Bag common.

"J. W. C.," Springfield, Illinois: The prediction of 20 for North American was made three months ago. Its inventoried value is said to be about 9 or 10. Its speculative value depends upon manipulation. It is one of the cheapest of the speculative stocks and a good many have been tempted to "take a flyer" in it.

"R. B. K.," Cincinnati: I never recommended Bay State Gas as a safe speculation. I said that its friends believed that if it were sold it might turn up a trump card some day. But I have always looked upon it as a gamble pure and simple. If you have paid for it and can afford to keep it until the insiders get ready to play their trick, you ought to come out whole.

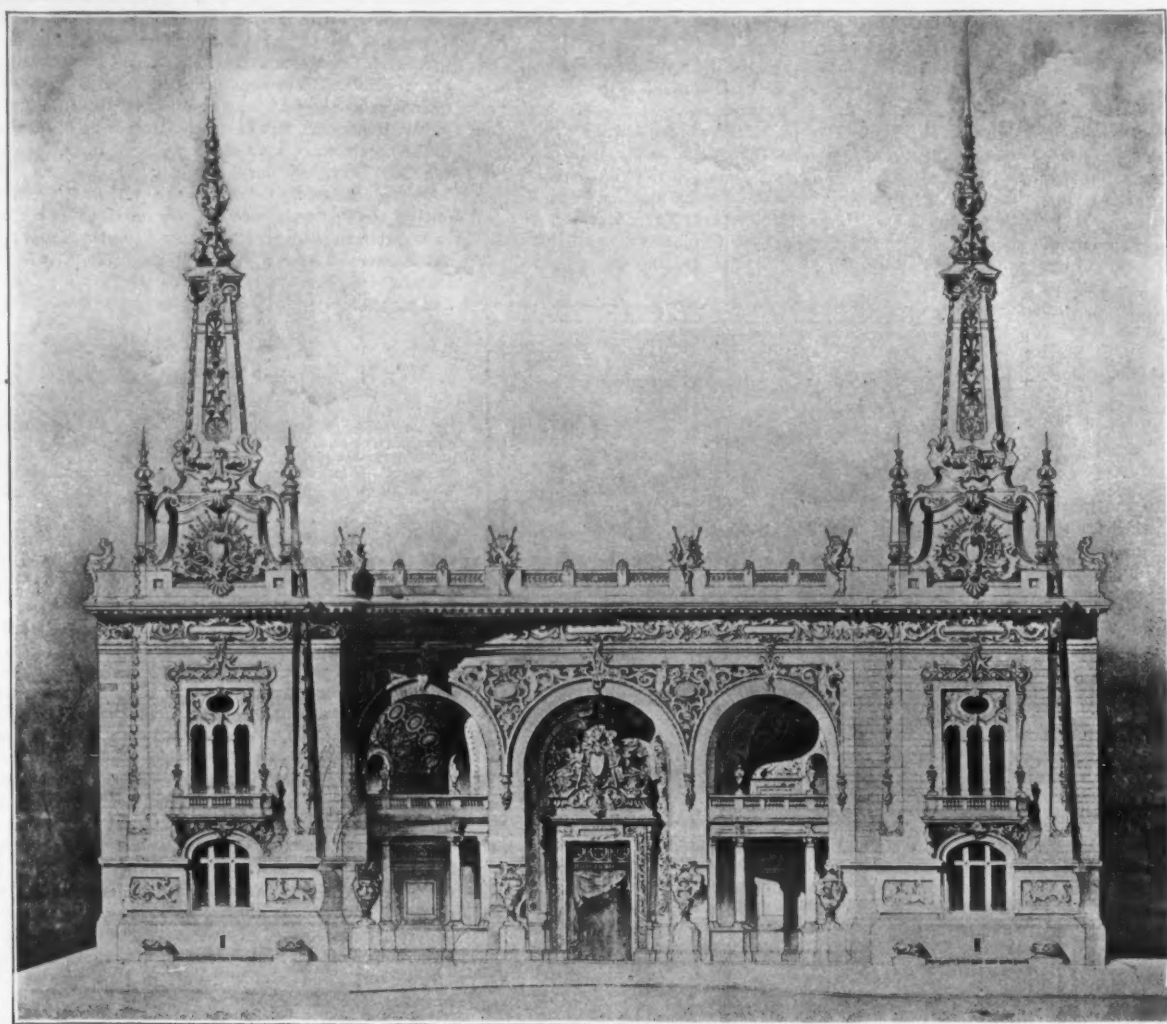
"L. M.," Des Moines, Iowa: The regular semi-annual dividend of two per cent. on the first preferred stock of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway is payable July 6th. The earnings will warrant a declaration shortly of a dividend on the second preferred stock. There is but \$5,000,000 of the first preferred stock, hence my belief in the promised rise in the second preferred.

JASPER.

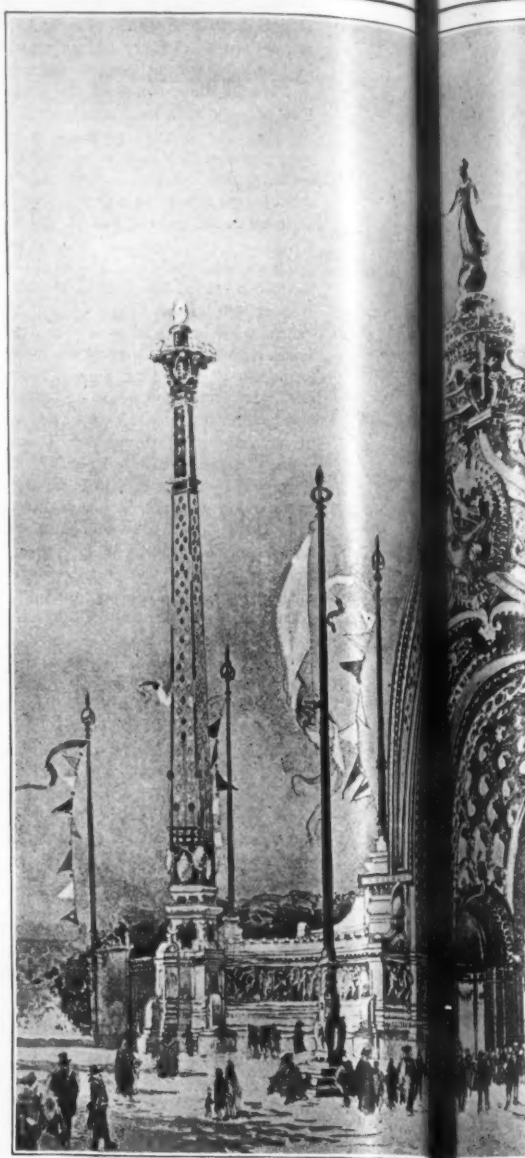
### A Creditable Publication.

THE handsome export number of *The Dry Goods Economist*, just issued, does great credit to its publishers, and is calculated to bring foreign countries, and especially our new Spanish possessions, into much closer touch with the dry-goods manufacturers of the United States. The edition is printed in English and Spanish, and President Root and his associates are congratulated on their well-timed effort to bring the producers and distributors of American products into closer business relations with the people of our new colonies.

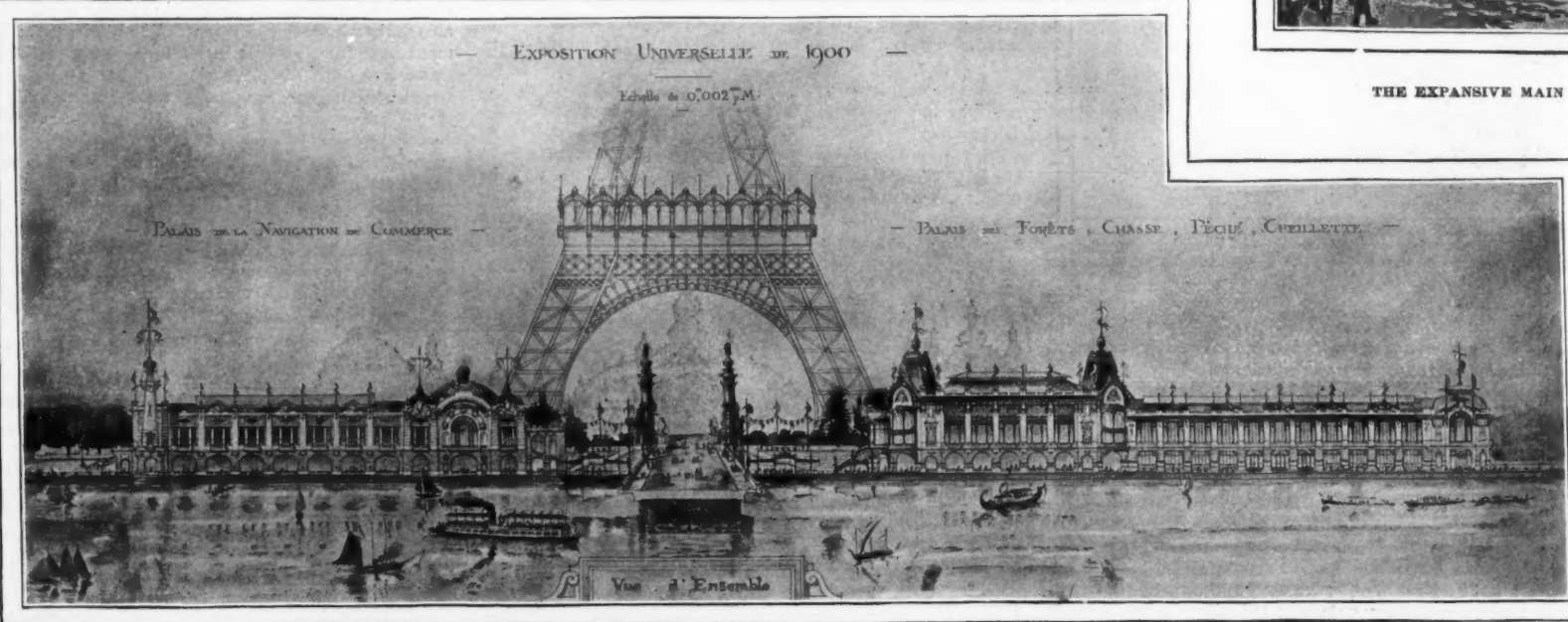




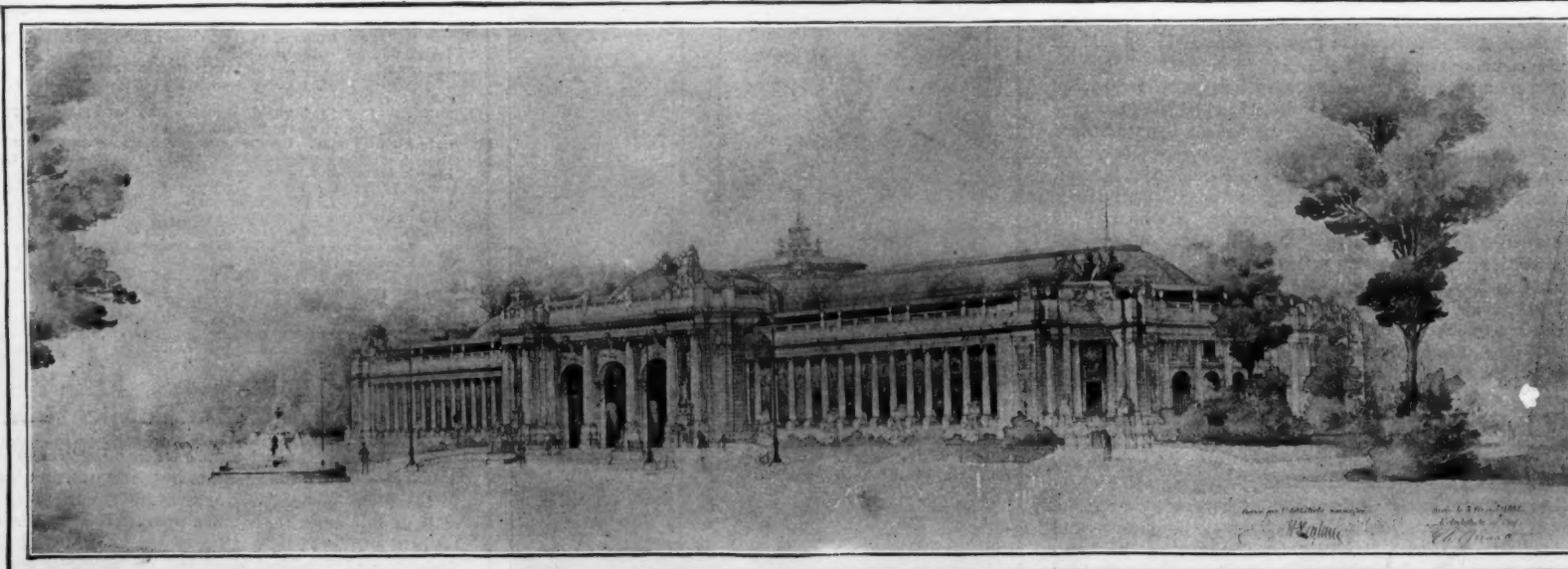
THE PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE FROM THE ESPLANADE OF THE INVALIDES.



THE EXPANSIVE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION



THE SUPERB PALACES OF COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION ON THE LEFT, AND FORESTRY, HUNTING AND FISHING ON THE RIGHT.

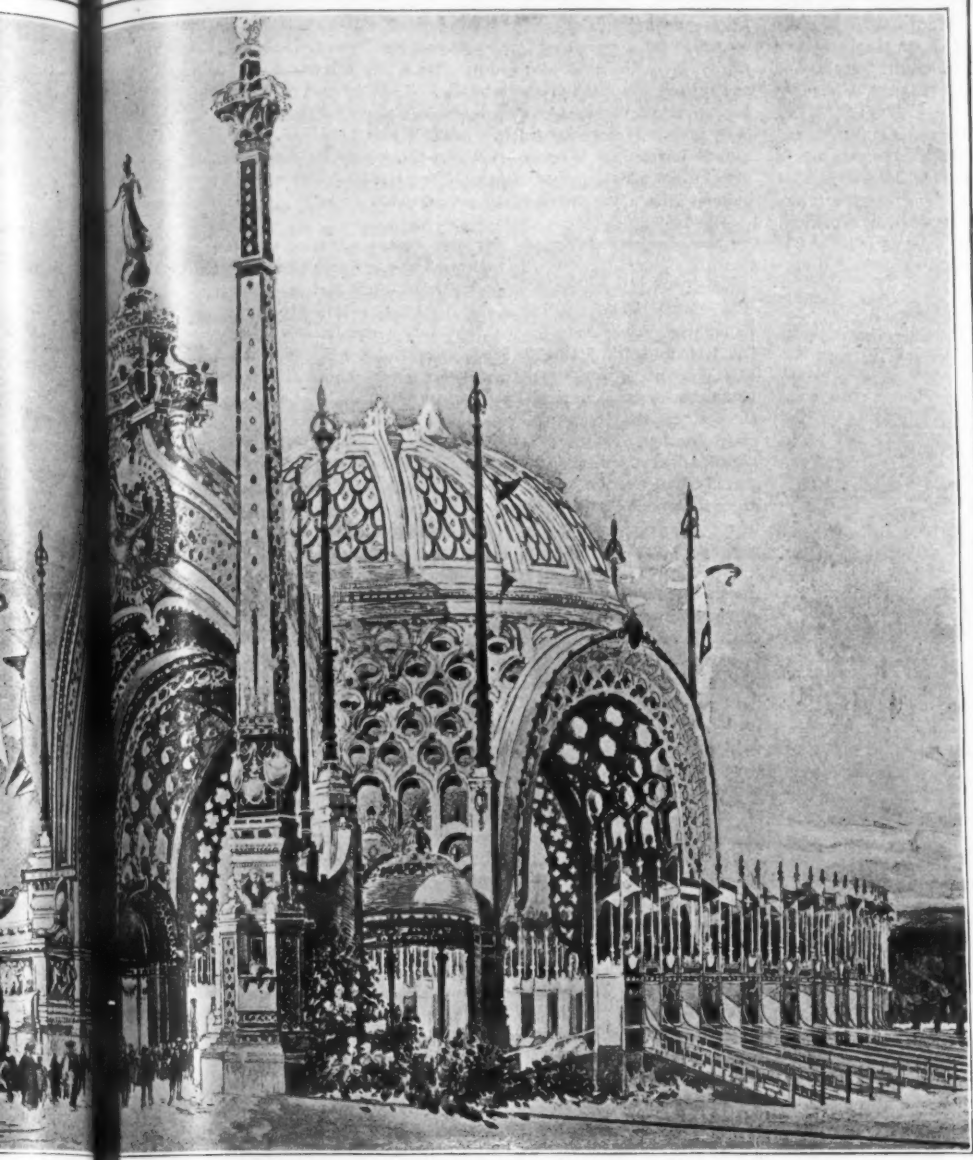


THE GRAND PALACE OF FINE ARTS, TO COST \$3,000,000, AND TO REMAIN AS A PERMANENT ORNAMENT TO THE CITY OF PARIS.

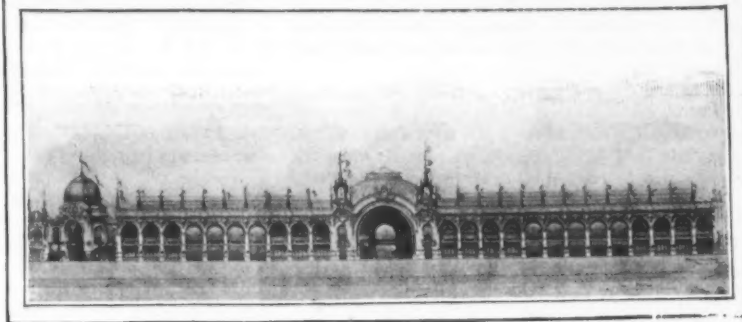
## THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900, THE

ACCURATE AND ELABORATE VIEWS OF THE MASSIVE AND MAGNIFICENT BUILDINGS

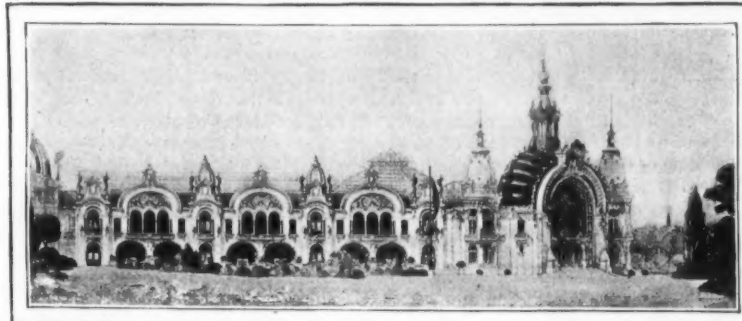




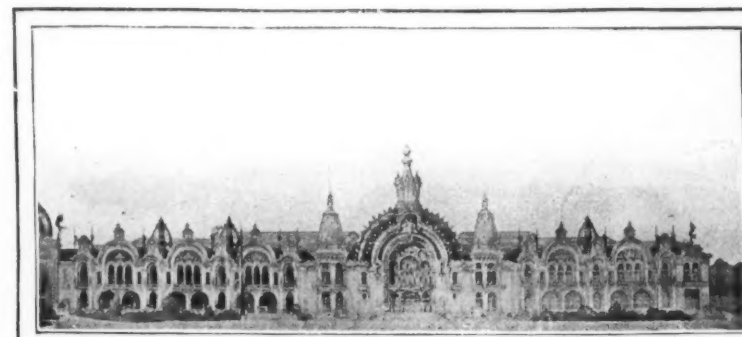
FRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION, THROUGH WHICH 65,000 PERSONS AN HOUR CAN PASS INTO THE GROUNDS.



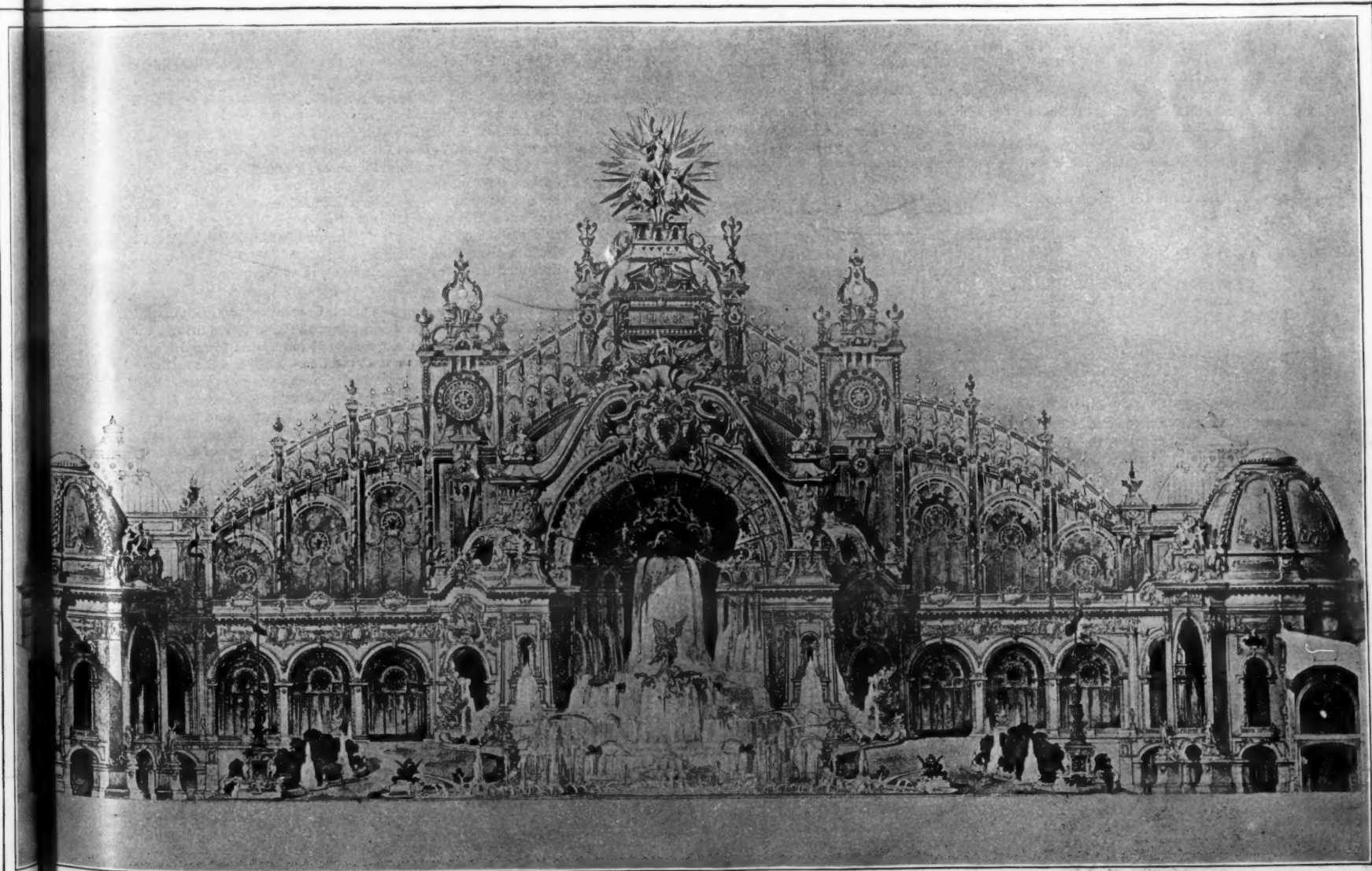
THE PALACE OF TEXTILES, TISSUES, AND VESTMENTS, IN WHICH ONE OF THE FINEST AMERICAN DISPLAYS—THAT OF NEW ENGLAND TEXTILES—WILL BE SHOWN.



SIDE VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL PALACE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.



FRONT VIEW OF THE PALACE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART, ONE OF THE MOST ORNATE AND IMPORTANT BUILDINGS OF THE EXPOSITION.



THE CAPTIVATING PALACE OF ELECTRICITY FRONTED BY GORGEOUS ELECTRIC FOUNTAINS, WHERE THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SPECTACULAR DISPLAY OF THE EXPOSITION WILL BE GIVEN.

1900, THE WORLD'S MOST ATTRACTIVE SHOW.  
BEING HASTENED TOWARD COMPLETION AT THE FRENCH CAPITAL.—[SEE PAGE 484.]



least 135 feet, the result being, including the slips, a water-frontage of 9,452 feet, accommodating thirty-one steamers 300 feet long, which will have all facilities for loading or discharging cargoes at the same time.

Pier No. 1.—At the eastern end will be located Pier No. 1, with a water-frontage of 1,635 feet. Here will be the rosin and spirits yards, separated from the next pier by a water-slip 232 feet wide. The rosin-yard will have a storage capacity of 80,000 barrels, and there will be erected on it an inspection-shed 600 by 40 feet. The spirits-yard will accommodate 30,000 barrels, and covering it will be a shed 850 by 280 feet. Entering and traversing these yards will be double connecting tracks so graded and constructed that mixed trains of rosin and spirits may be rapidly and economically unloaded at the same time.

Water-slip No. 1.—This slip will be 1,435 feet in length and 232 feet wide. On its western side will be arranged eleven berths designed to accommodate that number of vessels at the same time.

Pier No. 2.—This pier, with a water-frontage of 2,735 feet, will be 1,235 feet in length and 300 feet wide. It will be used for storing and handling lumber, iron, and commodities of like character.

Water-slip No. 2.—This slip will be 1,035 feet long and 200 feet wide.

Pier No. 3.—This pier, with a water-frontage of 2,680 feet, will be 940 feet long and 800 feet wide. It will be used for the storage and handling of cotton exclusively, and its storage capacity will be 300,000 bales. Upon it will be erected a cotton compress and two large cotton-sheds.

Water-slip No. 3.—This slip will be 829 feet long and 200 feet wide.

Pier No. 4.—This pier, with a water-frontage of 1,700 feet, will be 700 feet long and 300 feet wide. It will be used for general freight and merchandise, and on it will be built a warehouse 800 feet long and 125 feet wide.

Water-slip No. 4.—This slip will be 635 feet long and 200 feet wide. On its western side will be erected a large coal-trestle, with bunkers for the coaling of vessels. These facilities will be so arranged that vessels may be automatically coaled at the rate of 500 tons an hour.

Immediately north of the piers and slips will be located the general yard. It will be designed to accommodate 1,040 cars thirty-seven feet long. From this yard will be double tracks leading upon and traversing all the piers.

The capacity of these terminals is practically unlimited, and the configuration and surroundings of the property make it ideal for the location and construction of manufactories. Owing to the facilities for transporting and handling materials, edifices designed for such purposes can be erected at a minimum cost, and the business involved carried on with the utmost economy.

It is the purpose of the company to expend at least a million of dollars in the construction and development of these terminals, and it invites the attention of investors and others to the extraordinary prospects which the near completion of this great work suggests.

Any further information which may be desired can be obtained upon application to the office of the company in Savannah.

## Key West.



THERE is an old Spanish proverb which says: "A poor cigar is a gift horse into whose mouth, courtesy notwithstanding, we are obliged to look!"

As is often the case with proverbs and fables, there is a world of sense in this statement.

A man will accept a poor dinner or a medium wine at the house of a friend, and will possibly repeat his visit, simply because he knows it is the best his friend can afford to place before him, and so must be accepted by a gentleman. But if it be accompanied by a poor

cigar, the guest will be very apt, the second visit, to place one or two of his favorite brand in his pocket, and surreptitiously substitute one of them for the cigar offered by his host!

Although "many men have many minds," the verdict of the whole civilized world is a unit in the answer that a good cigar is the product of the finest soil of Cuba, known as the Vuelta Abajo, or Valley of the Willow Bough, manufactured by natives (who have grown up in the industry) in the self-same climate where the raw material is grown.

That is to say, that Vuelta tobacco manufactured in the latitude nineteen degrees fifty minutes to twenty-three degrees nine minutes, and in longitude seventy-four degrees eight minutes to eighty-four degrees fifty-eight minutes, by experts who may be said to have grown up in the industry, experienced in the most expert treatment from seed-bed to consumer, gives the finest cigar that the world and human skill can produce! That being granted beyond dispute, the most favorable place in the world for making cigars for American smokers is Key West, in the same latitude and longitude as Havana, from which city it is only eighty-eight miles distant. This is because the cigars made in Key West cost the consumer only about one-half what the same identical cigar made in Havana and imported to this country would cost him—the present tariff imposing a duty practically at the rate of one dollar per thousand cigars for

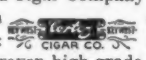


every mile of distance between Key West and Cuba. See what an advantage this is for our product, manufactured at Key West—for at a moderate cost the Cortez Cigar Company can supply the consumer with goods equal in quality, style, and workmanship to those of most celebrated Havana cigar-factories.

Key West is unique in location, buildings, population, and climate. The coldest month is January, and the temperature is an average of 68 degrees to 72 degrees, while statistics show that it is the only point in this country where snow and frosts are unknown, and this secures the ideal climate for cigar-making. This is because it is not necessary to use in the Cortez Cigar Company's factory any artificial moistening or sweating process, thus retaining the full aroma and bouquet (which is so dear to every smoker) to just the same extent as in the Havana factories. This cannot be done in factories further North! And herein lies the great advantage of Key West.

Knowing all these important facts, the Cortez Cigar Company selected this city for the location of their factory, determined to produce only high-grade cigars, equal in every way to those of Havana, at about one-half the cost to the consumer! This product is always the same in quality. Year after year the Cortez Cigar Company use the same grade of tobacco grown on the same plantations, and by skillful blending of the selected leaves from the hillsides and valleys, secure a uniformity which cannot be surpassed.

There is a reason for everything, and the reason of the Cortez Cigar Company for devoting their energies to the production of a fine cigar is because they believe and insist that the highest civilization demands the lightest and most perfect stimulant, and they believe that their process results in the combination of the highest possible art and science of cigar-making, enabling them to offer the best, mildest, and most uniform smoke to men of brains.

To meet the taste of various smokers, the Cortez Cigar Company make no less than thirty-two sizes of cigars, from large to small—for some like a long smoke and some a short one; but the quality is identical in each, and a man does not get a poorer cigar for a lower price, but simply so much less of the one high grade of uniform quality. It must not, however, be overlooked that the fullest flavor and bouquet can only be reached with a cigar of a medium to a full size. It is like the use of a perfume—a drop will not convey the same fragrance as will the orthodox half-dozen drops, yet it will be the same identical perfume without change. The cigars of the Cortez Cigar Company may always be identified by the reproduction of the cut on the inside back of each box:  It is our aim to have our cigars on sale wherever high-grade goods are demanded, and should your local dealer offer you "something just as good," decline it, and write direct to the Cortez Cigar Company, Key West, for booklet and samples.

## True Tales from Manila—No. 3.

TRAGIC DEATH OF A GERMAN ADVENTURER—THE SAD END OF BRAVE GENERAL EGBERT—PRESIDENT SCHURMAN'S EXCITING EXPERIENCE—THE FLUCKY FILIPINOS IN THE HOSPITALS—HOW PROVIDENT INSURGENTS KEEP THEIR SAVINGS—LUCKY FINDS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

(From Our Special Correspondent, Hon. Edwin Wildman.)

MANILA, April, 15th, 1899.—Prince Lowenstein was one of those modern German adventuresome spirits of the D'Artagnan school. Ever since trouble began in Manila he had hovered around the scene of battle. Away back in June, Admiral Dewey was obliged to order his yacht out of Manila Bay. When fighting began in earnest ashore he attached himself to General Anderson's staff as a volunteer aid. It was the pure love of adventure and daring that led him to expose himself to the Filipinos' fire time and time again. He did not value his life any more than if he were one of the humblest peasants of Germany instead of the possessor of one of the oldest titles in Europe. So when General MacArthur's division advanced on Malolos, Lowenstein, in company with a medical officer from one of the English men-of-war, was on hand to witness the engagement. The prince was with General Wheaton's brigade. On account of the delta-like formation of the territory around Malinta, upon which General Wheaton was moving, it was difficult to obtain an idea of the movements of our troops, which were somewhat confused at this point.

The Second Oregon was at the left, while on the right were the Twenty-second Regulars and a battalion of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. The Filipinos were sending in a hot flank fire from across the water above Malabon. Our troops were plunging through the shallow streams, the mud, and the swampy country, at a great disadvantage, but with tremendous energy, sometimes swooping down on to an insurgent trench and meeting a heavy fire, but driving out the natives like rats, or killing them in heaps, forcing the bamboos, and clearing the way for the advance. A strong force was sent around to the right to circumvent the enemy and catch them between a cross-fire. Prince Lowenstein kept right along with the advance all day, but when the fire grew so hot at this point he, with his friend, sought the protection of a deserted hut of a Filipino. Here he would undoubtedly have been safe had he not been dressed in white duck, despite numerous warnings and

orders. As the place was infested with Filipinos, and native bushwhacking squads were bobbing up on all sides, it was but natural that a squad of our boys coming from the other side should have mistaken him and his friend for Filipinos, who in such great numbers dress in white. They opened fire upon a number of the natives who were sniping from the Malabon side, and a bullet pierced the prince's abdomen, killing him almost instantly. Whether it was a shot from an American, or a Filipino, witnesses disagree. The prince's white suit had evidently been the mark that resulted in his death.

Another particularly sad casualty of the advance was the death of Colonel Egbert, who with the Twenty-second and Third started fearlessly across an open rice-field toward Malinta village. The regiments marched Indian-file until they reached the Tulia-bao River. Here they forded the river where it was nearly five feet deep, Major Shields leading and Colonel Egbert following. The water came just up to the latter's chin. The river had a muddy bottom and to ford it was a difficult undertaking. Once across, the troops proceeded in a northwesterly course with great caution, for too often had a peaceful-looking clump of bamboo proved a hot-bed of insurgents. The ground was rough, marshy, and uneven, and the advance was slow and difficult. More than once our soldiers stumbled upon the begrimed body of a dead Filipino, half covered in the marsh. Gradually the regiments approached higher ground, beyond which it was known the Filipino forts were located. As they neared the forts smoke could be seen issuing from them, and figures could be discerned above the earthworks. It was, therefore, concluded that the Filipinos would make a stand, and were simply waiting our approach. Scouts were sent on to ascertain the facts, but soon returned and reported that the forts were absolutely empty, and the figures were dummies to check our advance and fool us, the fires being lighted to give a semblance of life within. It was only another Filipino trick, for their resources in chicanery seem to be limitless.

Every advance gave us just so much more of the railroad to utilize, which was a signal advantage, for already the train was coming up the track, bringing General Wheaton and his staff. Again scouts were sent forward from the deserted fort along the railway line to the railway bridge leading to Malinta, but again the enemy had "vamosed." The natural conclusion, consequently, was that the Filipinos had checked their baggage farther up the line and left the village in haste. Our troops were upon the high ground a half-mile this side of Malinta. An order was given to advance across the open valley. Colonel Egbert led the way with 200 men, when there came from the outskirts of Malinta, seventy yards in front of our troops, a most terrific volley. Not a moment's warning was given. Colonel Egbert ordered a retreat to the hill he had just left, but hardly had the words escaped him when this fearless hero of the Cuban campaign was shot, and there was just time to get him upon a stretcher before he died. His men were greatly saddened by the loss, and one of them said: "Colonel Egbert never asked a soldier to go where he would not go himself"—a tribute worthy of inscription on his monument. But what gave the incident a particularly pathetic aspect was the fact that his wife and children had accompanied him to Manila and were upon a transport in the harbor. Major Shields had his horse shot from under him. His orderly met a like experience, and three privates were killed.

"It makes one tremble to think what a slaughter there might have been," said a medical officer, "if the insurgents had been good shots; but the majority of the bullets passed overhead. To give an idea of the thickness of the fire would be hopeless, but I dressed a sergeant whose left arm had been pierced by a Remington bullet close to the shoulder-joint. We had a friendly tree to protect us from the enemy's fire, but twice the bark on the sides of the tree was ripped with a bullet, and small branches overhead were severed and fell on the dressings. The sergeant said it was a tidy bit of a scrap, but I never expected to come out of it alive." Immediately after Colonel Egbert's death a cheer from the Oregonians told that they had taken Malinta and the insurgents were flying in all directions.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, president of the Philippine commission, was a frequent visitor to the firing-line. Sunday morning, after our concerted movement toward Malolos, Mr. Schurman was out to the line. Although the rattle of musketry was distinctly audible, he was for the moment engaged in examining the sensitive plant that abounds in the island. As he stood there touching the leaves and watching them shrink up with almost human feeling, there suddenly greeted his ears the crack of a rifle and the "ping" of a Mauser—not at all a pleasant sensation to a tenderfoot. He forgot the sensitive plant and looked up. A soldier came rushing toward him with a yell. President Schurman quickly asked him the cause of such sudden consternation. The soldier stopped and held up his left hand, a finger of which was bored with a Mauser bullet, showing daylight through it. One of the surgeons near by, who tells the story, quickly dressed it, and President Schurman watched the operation, questioning the soldier in the meantime. After the wound was properly taken care of the private said:

"An' now can I go back an' fight 'em?"

"I should hardly think you would want to with such a wound," President Schurman said.

"Ah, blow that!" the soldier returned. "It ain't the bloom-in' port-hole through me finger as gets me on the raw; it's the losin' of all the — fun!"

Nearly every provincial Filipino of thrifty propensities puts his savings, not in a Manila bank, but in a strong-box. The box is usually a fancy iron chest of small dimensions, but is secured by locks and bolts enough to defy a Chinese locksmith. The outer key-hole is the first secret of the box, and is usually hidden under some moving iron band that embellishes the chest. After raising the first lid there is one or two more that must be opened, and the locks or bars of these are equally hidden—though in most cases simple to the ingenuity of the Yankee soldiers. The whole contrivance is a relic of Spanish feudalism, and as a place of safety is an easily-solved toy to the ingenious American. The Filipinos, however, found it necessary, while



# SAVANNAH AND ITS INTERESTS.

WHEN Nature drew the boundary line between land and sea that marks the eastern edge of this continent, she furnished the site of Savannah with all the requisites of a great seaport city. A good deep-water harbor and a rich tributary country attracted hither the founder of Georgia, and it came to pass the history of the State and the history of the city began on the same day.

To James Edward Oglethorpe, George II. granted all the country between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers, with an indefinite extension westward. This strip of country was then claimed by Spain, as part of her colony of Florida, and wars with the Spaniards were among the events of the colony's infancy.

Oglethorpe selected the site for his first capital in 1732, and concluded a treaty with the neighboring Indians. On February 1st of the following year he landed his first batch of colonists, 114 in number, and assigned to each man a large block of land on the new town-site. Streets were laid out, crossing each other at right angles, and a town government instituted.

Ten years later, when Oglethorpe finally left Georgia for England, Savannah had 350 houses. Thereafter, it languished for a time, under the injudicious rule of Oglethorpe's agents, and did not get a fair start until, in 1752, the original charter was given up and Georgia became a royal province.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, Georgia, the youngest of the original thirteen colonies, had become sufficiently powerful to take a prominent part in that struggle. Savannah was captured by the British in 1778 and held by them until toward the close of the war. In 1779, a French fleet and army, aided by an American force, laid siege to the city, but were compelled to withdraw after a brave assault of nearly two months. Not the least of the American losses in this siege were the deaths of Pulaski and Jasper.

Savannah was again fated to suffer in the great Civil War, and her port was blockaded by Federal fleets for four long years. Sherman, ending here his march to the sea, arrived before Savannah in December, 1864, and his capture of Fort McAllister settled the fate of the city. Federal troops held possession during the remaining few months of the war.

The subsequent history of Savannah, especially in the last twenty years, is largely a narrative of its commercial growth and prosperity.

## MONUMENTS AND MUSEUMS.

No stranger who remains many hours in Savannah can fail to be impressed with the large number of fine public monuments—tokens of the city's historical greatness. Revolutionary heroes are remembered in the tall shaft, dedicated to the memory of General Greene, in Johnson Square; the more elaborate Pulaski monument in Monterey Square—the corner-stones of both of these having been laid by the Marquis de Lafayette in 1825—and the Jasper monument and statue in Madison Square. There is a monument to the memory of William W. Gordon in Court-house Square, and the tall Confederate soldiers' monument, capped by a bronze statue of a Confederate soldier, has a commanding position upon a terrace in the parade-ground. It was erected through the energetic labors of the Ladies' Memorial Association.

Another token of Savannah's historical greatness is the fine library of the Georgia Historical Society, containing 22,000 volumes, devoted largely to the history of Georgia and her neighbor commonwealths. The building was erected by Mrs. Margaret T. Hodgson and Miss Mary Telfair, widow and sister-in-law of William B. Hodgson, in his memory.

An allied institution, of which all Georgia is justly proud, is the Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences, in Telfair Place. It has the most comprehensive art collection in the entire South, and the finest museum building. The academy was founded through a bequest of Miss Mary Telfair, who bequeathed the family mansion and \$100,000 to found an art museum and academy.

## CHURCHES AND CHARITIES.

Largest and most costly of the many beautiful churches is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, now being rebuilt on exactly the old lines, after having been partially destroyed by fire. It is on Abercorn Street, adjoining Lafayette Square, and when completed will again take rank as one of the finest specimens of French Gothic in America.

The Catholic Church possesses the Convent of St. Vincent de

Paul, north of the cathedral; St. Patrick's Church, at West Broad and Liberty streets; also an orphan asylum and other beneficent institutions.

The finest church in the city, next to the cathedral, is the Independent Presbyterian Church, at Bull and South Broad streets, completed within a few years on the exact model of the old structure, destroyed in the fire of April, 1889. The First Presbyterian Church is on Bull Street, fronting Monterey Square.

The history of the Methodist Church in Savannah goes back practically to the foundation of the city. John Wesley himself founded here the first Sunday School in the world, in 1736, and George Whitefield continued his work later. The Methodists have two church edifices in Savannah.

No church organization in the State, however, antedates Christ Church (Episcopal), which has occupied several successive churches on the same site ever since the days of Oglethorpe.

Other notable church edifices are those of St. John's Church (Episcopal), the Evangelical Lutheran Church, the First Baptist Church, Lawton Memorial Hall, which is in the care of the Second Presbyterian Church, and the Mickva Israel Synagogue.



ORNATE HOME OF THE MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK.

Oldest of Savannah's charitable institutions is the orphanage at Bethesda, founded by Rev. George Whitefield in 1740. The Female Orphan Asylum dates back to 1750.

Large and well-equipped hospitals give testimony to the benevolence of the citizens. The Savannah Hospital has accommodations for 100 patients. Its good work is ably supplemented by that of St. Joseph's Infirmary, the Telfair Hospital for Females, and the Georgia Infirmary, for colored persons.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Of the public buildings, the City Exchange (the name under which the city hall is known), the Chatham County Court House, and the fine new Federal building, are notable architecturally or historically.

The City Exchange, at the foot of Bull Street, was built in 1799, and will, therefore, celebrate its centennial this year. Its clock has measured off the flight of time since 1803.

The Savannah Theatre, on Bull Street, is the oldest theatre in the United States. It was built in 1818, and witnessed the

triumphs of the Booth family, Macready, Forrest, and other giants of the American and European stages. Its present manager is Dave A. Weis, of Galveston, Texas.

The city's military organizations are well housed and equipped. The Chatham Artillery, oldest military company in the United States, with the exception of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, was organized in 1786, and has proved its valor both in the War of 1812 and the Civil War.

Three other similar organizations—the First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia, the Savannah Volunteer Guards, and the Georgia Hussars—were all organized more than fifty years before the Civil War.

Not least notable among Savannah's public buildings are the modern and well-appointed school-houses, recently erected.

## A CITY OF HOMES—AND WHY.

Attractive surroundings, including a number of public parks and squares, and miles of streets abundantly shaded by fine old trees, have helped to bring to Savannah, and retain here, an excellent class of citizens. The chief public pleasure-ground is Forsyth Park, laid out in 1851, and including some twenty acres. Adjoining it is the "Extension," or parade-ground, where President McKinley reviewed seventeen thousand volunteer and regular troops on December 17th of last year. Several park-like cemeteries in the vicinity of Savannah are peculiarly attractive to the sight-seeing Northern visitor. Bonaventure Cemetery, with its lofty oaks and their luxuriant festoons of moss, is especially worthy of a visit.

Well-paved streets, excellent for driving or cycling, are the rule in Savannah. Ocean and river resorts of the better variety attract thousands in the summer months.

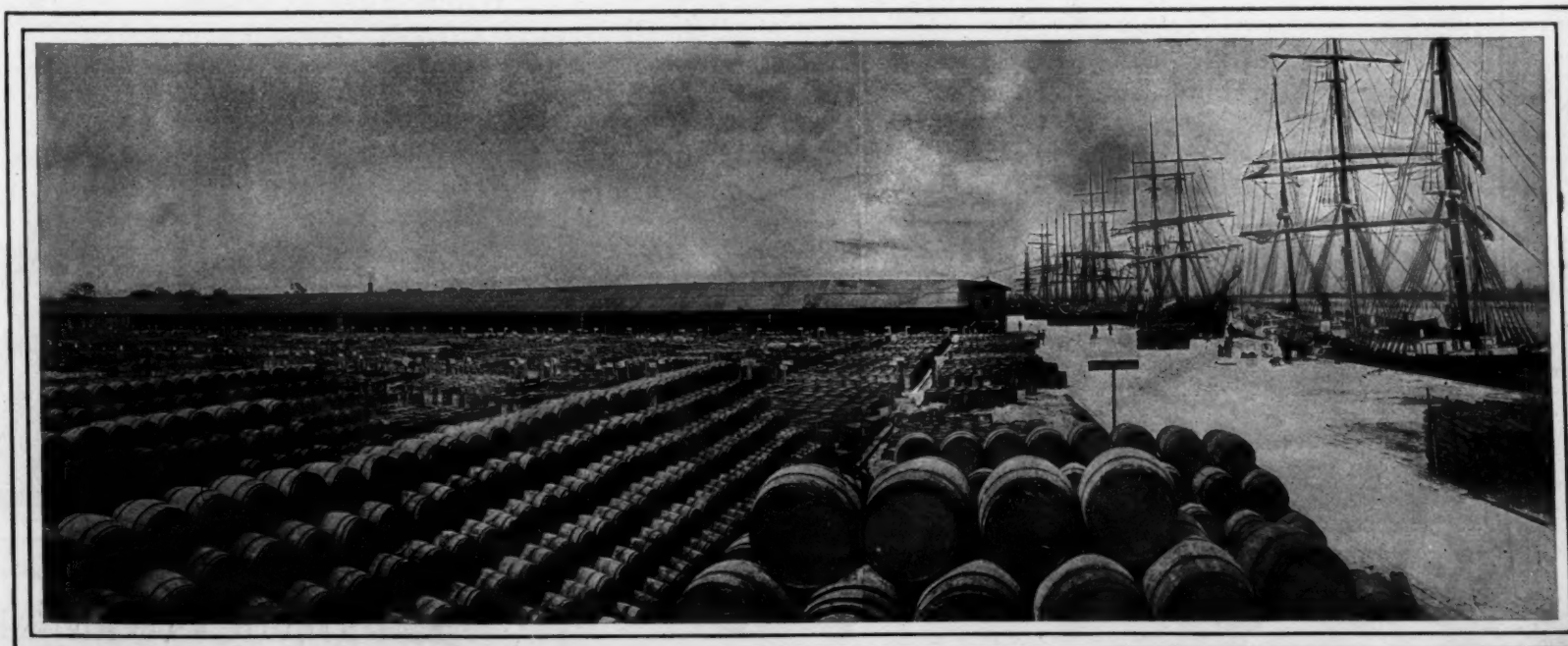
Living expenses as low as in any city of the South and the cheapness of building materials have contributed greatly to make Savannah a great city of homes. Wealth is well distributed among the

white population, and there is practically no poverty. Savannah to-day is in the front rank of the seacoast cities from a sanitary standpoint. A model quarantine plant; a pure water-supply from artesian wells; the cremation of all garbage, and the drainage of the low lands around the city, have reduced to a minimum the various types of fever from which the city used to suffer.

The average annual temperature of Savannah is sixty-six degrees. It seldom exceeds ninety degrees in June and ninety-two degrees in August, the city's summer climate thus comparing very favorably with that of New York.

Savannah's healthfulness caused it to be selected as the point of assemblage for troops in the war with Spain, and induced the War Department to locate army hospitals here.

Handsome and substantial residences are the rule among the many successful business men of Savannah. A typical home is that of Mr. J. A. G. Carson, vice-president of the Merchants' National Bank and vice-president of the J. P. Williams Company, cotton factors and exporters of naval stores.



SECTION OF NAVAL-STORES YARD, OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY AND CENTRAL OF GEORGIA RAILROAD—ROSIN-INSPECTING SHED IN BACKGROUND, ROSIN AND SPIRITS IN FOREGROUND, SAILING-VESSELS LOADING STORES FOR ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

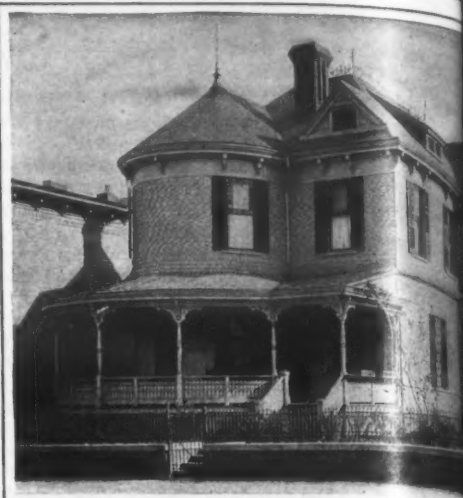




THE REMODELED SAVANNAH THEATRE, THE OLDEST FIRST-CLASS THEATRE IN THE UNITED STATES.



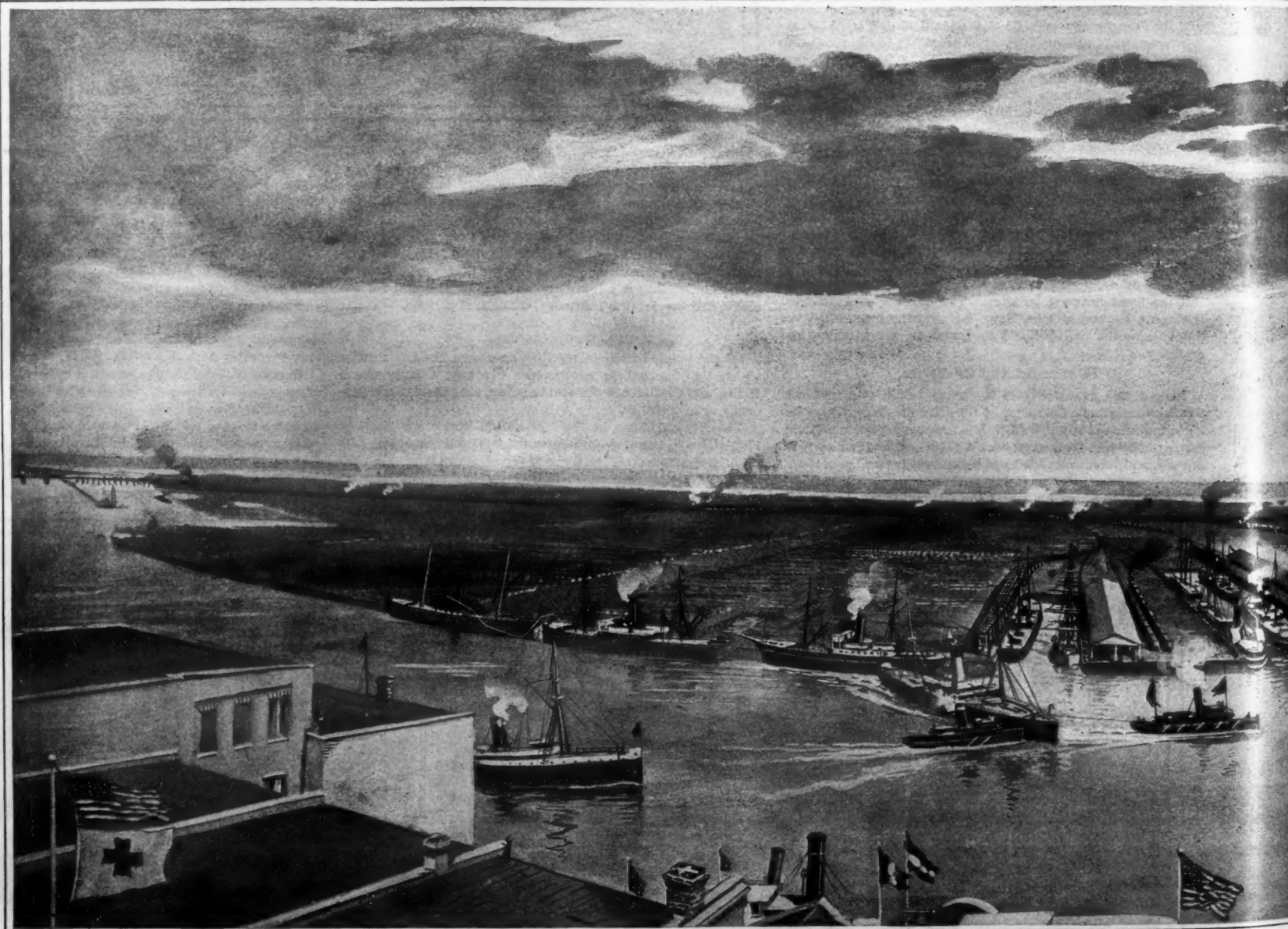
IMPOSING MONUMENT TO THE BRAVE CONFEDERATE DEAD.



ONE OF SAVANNAH'S BEAUTIFUL HOMES—RESIDENCE OF VICE-PRESIDENT MERCHANTS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.



Rosin-inspection shed. Spirits shed. Cotton warehouse, capacity, 45,000 bales. SECTION OF TERMINALS OF THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY AND CENTRAL OF GEORGIA RAILROAD, NAVAL-STORES YARDS, ROSIN AND SPIRITS SHEDS, AND COTTON WAREHOUSE.

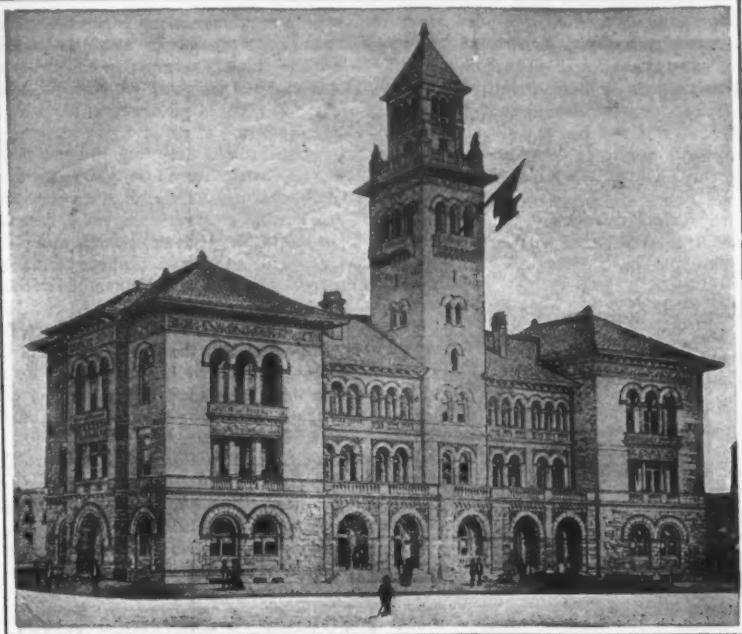


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PROPOSED TERMINALS OF GEORGIA AND ALABAMA RAILROADS.

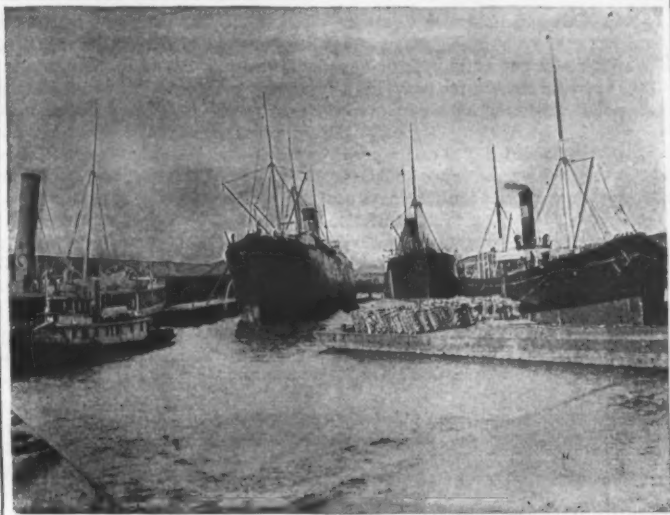
## HISTORIC SAVANNAH—"THE MORE"

POINTS OF INTEREST IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND FAMOUS

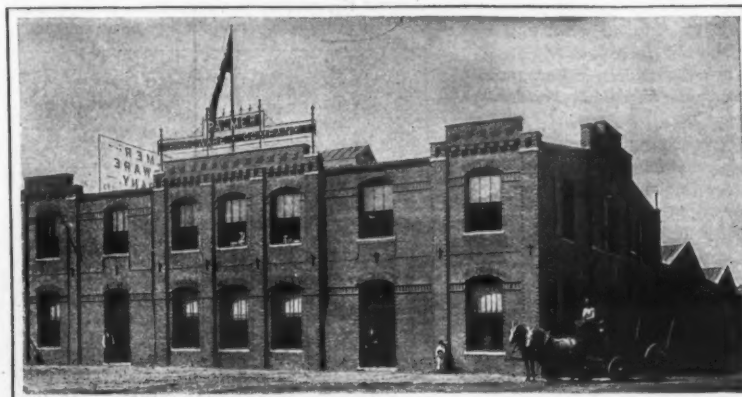




MASSIVE NEW POST-OFFICE, NEARLY COMPLETED.



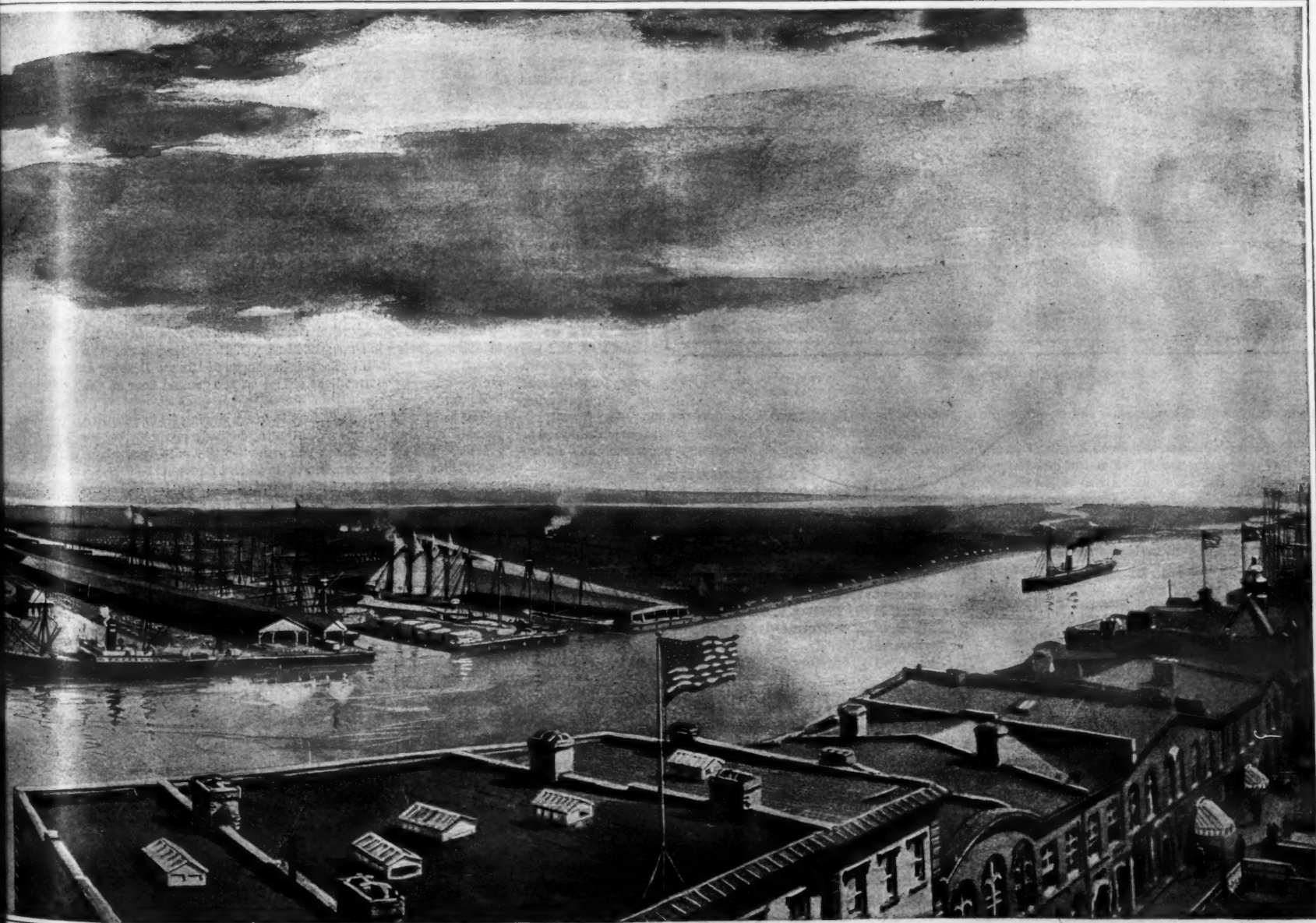
ONE OF THE SLIPS OF THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY AND CENTRAL OF GEORGIA RAILROAD—GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT ON THE LEFT AND STEAMSHIPS LOADING WITH COTTON ON THE RIGHT.



ONE OF THE LARGEST HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENTS IN THE SOUTH—PALMER HARDWARE COMPANY, SAVANNAH.



THE LAWTON MEMORIAL HALL.



AND ALABAMA, NOW CONSTRUCTING ON HUTCHINSON'S ISLAND, OPPOSITE SAVANNAH.  
 "THE FOREST CITY" OF THE SOUTH.  
 AND FAMOUS COMMERCIAL SEAPORTS ON THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC COAST.



## AS A GREAT BUSINESS CENTRE.

But all these manifold evidences of public and private enterprise and liberality could not exist without abundant wealth. They are but the outward signs of the great, solid business prosperity which has made Savannah and her trade known to all parts of the world.

With a population of about 65,000 and a property valuation of \$50,000,000 the city has a commerce of \$136,000,000.

The key to this prosperity is the fortunate connection of a good deep-water port and abundant rail connection with the interior. The city is at the head of ship navigation on the Savannah River and is only eighteen miles from the ocean. Savannah is the chief naval-stores port of the world and the third largest cotton port of America.

It is the headquarters of five lines of ocean steamships, four lines of river steamers, and of the three great railway systems of the South—the Central of Georgia, Georgia and Alabama, and Plant systems.

A business-like city government is an added advantage. The present mayor is Herman Myers, who succeeded Peter W. Mel-drim.

## MAGNITUDE OF ITS SHIPPING.

More than seven miles of wharves accommodate the city's shipping, and that area will be largely increased when the twenty-eight feet of water aimed at in the present project of improvement is obtained. There entered the harbor of Savannah during 1898 the following shipping: American steamships, 370; American sailing-vessels, 271; foreign steamships, 106; foreign sailing-vessels, 210; United States transports, 24; total, 981 ships, of 1,133,214 tonnage.

Cheap labor, cheap power, cheap raw materials, and other inducements are bringing additional manufacturers to Savannah, and this is responsible for a good deal of the increase in shipping.

Coastwise exports have risen from \$28,646,820 in 1882 to \$44,465,788 in 1898, and foreign exports from \$19,702,213 in 1882, to \$28,350,528 in 1898.

A powerful organization of the Savannah shippers of naval stores, rice, grain, etc., is the Savannah Board of Trade, organized in 1882. Captain D. G. Pusse is president.

## KING COTTON AND HIS EXCHANGE.

The cotton trade cuts a vast figure in the prosperity of Savannah, and here, naturally, is to be found one of the leading cotton exchanges of the South. Organized in 1882, it has ex-

## GEORGIA LUMBER COMPANY.

One of the very largest exporters of yellow-pine lumber and timber is the Georgia Lumber Company, which ships to both coastwise and foreign ports, sending especially large quantities to South America. Its mills have a capacity of 100,000 feet per day, and are located at Garbutt, Hagan, and Riner, Georgia. The company's wharves in Savannah are most conveniently situated, and have every facility for the quick handling of cargoes.

The officers of the company, who have done so much to give it its prestige in the lumber ports of the world, are: G. W. Perkins, president; F. J. Garbutt, vice-president; John J. Kirby, secretary and treasurer.

## OTHER NOTABLE TRADE LINES.

Savannah's geographical position gives her notable advantages in other lines of trade. Of rice, for example, the exports for 1898 were 21,000 barrels, in addition to the 11,000 barrels for local consumption. The lowlands of Georgia and South Carolina produce the finest rice in the world.

Of fertilizers, the shipments by railroad and steamship lines last year were almost 100,000 tons, the greatest on record, and of Florida phosphate rock, 70,540 tons. This went to practically every country in Europe.

In the wholesale jobbing trade a most significant fact is the increase in one year of \$8,200,000—from \$127,600,000 in 1897 to \$135,800,000 in 1898.

## A GREAT HARDWARE BUSINESS.

One of the largest hardware concerns in the South is located in Savannah—the Palmer Hardware Company, with a great building and plant at Nos. 9 to 13 North Jefferson Street. The structure is 80 by 300 feet in area.

The Messrs. Palmer are natives of Georgia, and their business dates back to 1850. The enterprise was incorporated in 1880, and its present executive officers are: Samuel B. Palmer, president; H. A. Palmer, vice-president; H. W. Palmer, treasurer; A. B. Palmer, secretary.

## BANKING INSTITUTIONS.

Business men of Savannah are proud of their banking institutions and esteem them a large factor in the city's stability as a trade centre. The eight regularly organized banks have a capital of \$2,575,000. The clearances for 1898 were \$129,248,854, an increase of \$1,471,452 over the figures for 1897.

The Merchants' National Bank, with a capital of \$500,000, points to a long, honorable and prosperous career, having been chartered in 1866. Its chief officers are: S. Guckenheimer, president; J. A. G. Carson, vice-president; W. M. Davant, cashier.

## THE DAILY PRESS.

Not the least considerable element in the business and social life of Savannah are its two well-edited daily newspapers.

The *Morning News* has been in the field since 1850. Its present editor, J. H. Estill, has been sole owner since 1868, and has kept abreast with every improvement in news-gathering

and mechanical equipment that enterprise suggests.

The *Savannah Press* is an evening newspaper, established in 1891. Pleasant A. Stovell is the popular proprietor and editor.

## THE DE SOTO HOTEL.

No hotel in the South can compare with the De Soto, which covers one of the largest blocks in Savannah, and is an artistic pile in brick and terra-cotta. It has 450 rooms, and not one of them is an inside room. The entire mechanical and culinary departments are in a separate wing.

The proprietors, Messrs. Watson & Powers, are exceedingly fortunate in their staff of managers and clerks, all of long experience in the leading hotels of the South. The chief clerk, T. E. McIver, was formerly proprietor of the Everett Hotel, at Jacksonville, Florida. His genial assistants include Charles E. Batt, Jesse A. Bartee, night clerk, and Patrick Henry Branch, cashier.

## CENTRAL OF GEORGIA RAILWAY AND OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

In the front rank of Savannah's transportation facilities is the Central of Georgia Railway Company, the pioneer of the State. It was chartered in 1835, and completed its first main line, 190 miles, to Macon, in 1844. The system is now 1,581 miles in length, and takes in the cities of Montgomery, Birmingham, Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah, Macon, and Columbus.

It handles every variety of resources in a rich country, from coal and iron to cotton and wool, fruit, grain, and rice. Two million people live along its line, contribute to its greatness, and grow richer because of its presence. And the country it taps is gaining in wealth and productiveness every year.

It has the best wharf and terminal advantages, and its rail lines discharge their freight into eight large iron steamships which ply between Savannah, New York, and Boston.

In the Central's yards at Savannah are thirty-five miles of tracks, and among the many extensive warehouses three have recently been erected whose capacity are respectively 800 x 250 feet used for cotton, 800 x 200 feet for spirits of turpentine, and the general warehouse for various kinds of merchandise, 250 x 74

feet. The cotton warehouse alone is capable of holding 45,000 bales. The company's wharves are a revelation of surprise, and constitute a scene of business activity not to be excelled anywhere. There are upon the wharf premises 50 acres of improvements, namely: 20 acres of platform on piles, 20 acres under cover of sheds, 5,700 feet of water front, including 700 feet of lumber yards running back 1,000 feet, 10 acres of naval stores, wharves, and yards, wharf room for 80,000 bales of cotton, storehouses for 65,000 tons of fertilizers, a grain elevator capable of holding 275,000 bushels, a cotton compressing capacity of nearly 3,000 bales per day, besides numerous track and platform scales. The working force at the wharves (full complement) is 850 men. Twenty-four special policemen and numerous watchmen are employed, insuring perfect order and safety.

The passenger depot is on West Broad Street, fronting Liberty, and is in easy reach by the street-car lines of the city.

The chief officers of the road, who occupy the same positions with regard to the Ocean Steamship Company of Savannah, are: H. M. Comer, president; John M. Egan, vice-president; E. H. Hinton, traffic manager.

In the Ocean Steamship Company's fleet are the first-class steamships *Kansas City*, *City of Birmingham*, *City of Augusta*, *Tallahassee*, *Chattahoochee*, *Nacoochee*, *City of Macon*, and *Gate City*, ranging from 4,000 to 2,100 tons.

Savannah also has connection by steamship lines with Baltimore, Newport News, and Providence.

## The Provident Savings Life, of New York.

AMONG the well-known structures of Savannah, the Provident Savings building occupies a prominent place. Situated at



THE ONLY BUILDING IN GEORGIA ERECTED BY A LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

the corner of Drayton and Bryan streets, it is in the heart of the business district, and is one of the most popular office buildings in the city.

This building occupies a somewhat unique position, being the only building ever erected in the State by a life insurance company. While other large companies have erected buildings in the North and West, the Provident Savings has made similar investments in the South. Besides the Savannah building, the company has also erected, in Waco, Texas, one of the handsomest office buildings in the Lone Star State.

The Provident Savings Life has been doing business in Georgia for about fifteen years, and has built up a reputation for promptness and liberality not excelled by any other company in the field. Its annual premium receipts in Georgia go considerably beyond \$100,000, and its new business in Georgia last year reached the magnificent total of over \$1,500,000.

The general agency of the company for the State is located in Atlanta, being in charge of Messrs. J. R. Nutting & Co. The company's Savannah business is in charge of Messrs. Dearing & Hull, occupying commodious offices on the ground floor of the building.

The history of the Provident Savings during its twenty-five years of existence shows a constant and steady progress, but its greatest growth has taken place during the past two years, under the able administration of President Scott.

The company's last year's record shows the following remarkable increases:

In assets.....	22 per cent.
In surplus.....	61 "
In new business.....	30 "
In premium income, over.....	9 "
In assurance in force, over.....	8 "
In reserve for policy-holders, over.....	21 "
In ratio of assets to liabilities, over.....	11 "

At the end of the year the death-claims due and unpaid were NONE.

The total business of the company in force is now about \$100,000,000, and the company is justly rated as one of the great life insurance companies of the world.

## The Georgia and Alabama Terminal Company.

OUR sketch gives a view of the proposed terminals which the Georgia and Alabama Terminal Company is now engaged in constructing on Hutchinson's Island, opposite the city of Savannah, Georgia. When completed these terminals will afford better and greater facilities for the handling of cotton, lumber, naval stores, and other products than are now enjoyed at any port on the South Atlantic coast. Upon completion it is expected that they will be at once used by the Georgia and Alabama Railway and the Florida Central and Peninsular, and with this end in view the plans and specifications of the work have been most carefully prepared under the personal supervision of Mr. A. Hunter Johnson, C. E. The effect upon the trade and prospects of Savannah, when these advantages have been added to her resources, will be great and immediate.

It is designed to widen the river at the point of location at



THE FAMOUS DE SOTO HOTEL.

panded with the trade which it represents and has done much for the commerce of the city.

Largely through its influence, Savannah has been provided with all the latest improvements in the matter of compresses, storage, and handling; her warehouses are so built as to obtain the lowest rates of insurance; her railroads deliver goods direct to the ships, and all expenses of handling have been reduced to a minimum.

The chief officers of the Cotton Exchange are: President, Henry T. Williams; vice-president, John H. Hunter; secretary, J. P. Merrihew.

Cotton exports from Savannah last year reached the following huge totals: Bales, upland cotton, 1,131,014; sea island, 59,623; value, \$36,632,612. Of all cotton ports, only New Orleans and Galveston can exceed these figures.

Notable among the cotton exporters of Savannah are Pfedermenges, Preyer & Company, with headquarters in Liverpool, England, and Strauss & Company.

## NAVAL STORES AND LUMBER.

This port is the chief shipping point for the almost limitless naval-stores regions of four pine-woods States—Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, and Alabama. There were handled here during the last season 329,466 casks of turpentine and 794,476 barrels of rosin—a total of 1,123,942 packages handled here in one year. Their value was between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000.

These exports go to all the supply ports of the six continents, and every interior city of America.

In the lumber trade, too, the capital invested has increased largely, and so have the shipments. Savannah has greater facilities for receiving and forwarding lumber than any other Atlantic port. Five main lines of railroad, with numerous branches, and team roads through the great yellow-pine forests, land the product on Savannah's wharves, where vessels carrying more than one million feet each may load.

At the close of the trade year, August 31st, 1898, the exports showed: To foreign ports, 7,662,878 feet; domestic ports, 138,546,556 feet; total, 146,209,434-feet.



under Spanish friars, to secrete their savings from the watchful eyes of the official and priest. It was the custom to bury the box under a tree near their houses. When our soldiers swept over the country and villages around Manila hundreds of these strong-boxes were unearthed. In most cases the natives had anticipated the soldier and fled with his earnings, but it was often the case that time was too short, under our rapid advance, to unearth and unlock the strong-boxes, so that when our troops had driven out the insurgents many of the boxes were found. In some cases the chest was found above the ground, but on account of the intricate system of locks, time was not sufficient for the Filipinos to withdraw the money. Sums ranging from \$100 to \$2,500 were found. I met a soldier one day hurrying to the rear after we had taken a village north of Manila.

"What is your rush?" I asked.

"I guess you would rush," he said, "if you found four hundred dollars in Spanish gold."

"What are you going to do with it?" I said.

"Well, I'm going to buy a draft on New York and send it to my mother, and I am going to do it just as fast as my legs will carry me. Good-bye."

And off he went, and I didn't question the propriety of the act. For he was one of many I had heard of, and I doubt if all of the "finds" served such a good purpose.

## Anglo-Americans in Munich.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MUNICH, June 5th, 1899.—"Meet me at the Four Seasons Hotel tonight and I will introduce you to some of the bluest aristocracy of Munich," said G—, who had spent some time in the Bavarian capital studying the arts and music. At the appointed hour I found the magnificent hotel which dominates the Maximilian Strasse, as it were, and the captivating picture within. True to its aristocratic reputation, it is most always visited by the *élite* of the traveling public, the exceptions being few indeed. Within this sumptuous hostelry everything points to American comfort with that quiet dignity peculiar to English taste and harmony. It is distinct from almost every similar hotel in its circumspect and proper arrangements, for the conservative traveler who expects absolute quiet and freedom of action, and who desires to avoid elbowing a noisy crowd, chooses this house. Accordingly, the arrangements at the *Four Seasons* are particularly refined. The interior furnishings indicate exceptional taste, with every regard for harmony, both in colors and arrangement. The idyllic lobby has a style of its own, so have the ladies' parlors and reading-rooms—an atmosphere of refined exclusiveness about them all. But the particular charm is particularly noticeable in the baronial dining hall, with its consistent and happy appointments. We are involuntarily reminded of the good taste of the Faubourg St. Germain, where, as all the world knows, society is ever bent on the elevation of mind as well as comforting the body. The best of Munich's aristocracy frequent this house, and have labeled it as leader of the cult. Hence your room is a veritable oasis, and when you pass through the public reception rooms or lobby you are sure to meet people worth knowing.

Catering to the best social standard, the management has adopted a uniform and correct code. The best from native and foreign markets is procured daily, from local vegetables up to choice fruits from distant parts. A large supply of rare vintages is stocked in the roomy cellars to suit the connoisseur as well as the frugal guest. The service maintains an unusual degree of excellence, for every member of the *personnel* has been selected with rare discretion. There is no intrusion or compulsion; it is expected that the code of this refined house will appeal to a particular class, and these have left their names on its register whenever they happen to pass this way. There are many short-sighted hotel-keepers, gifted with little tact and propriety, who insist upon charging with an unwarrantably high hand so-called extras for every trifle that does not even cause special expense or extra work in the household. This and similar annoyances are absolutely out of question at the *Four Seasons*. As I have said, its code is equitable and just; it will permit of no trifling with its enviable reputation, and by means of an exemplary practice it maintains a rare degree of confidence among the traveling public, particularly the Anglo-Americans. The general manager, Mr. Obermayer, is a gentleman of tact and training, of sound and cultured mind, and is considered one of the clever and circumspect hotel managers on this Continent. Thus provided with an unusual degree of comfort, a rare table and a really exceptional service, to say nothing of the very best company which surrounds us, it is not surprising to hear English spoken all around us, to see English and American papers on the table before us, and Anglo-American drinks in the little Eden of a bar-room awaiting us, and here to meet the crème of local aristocracy and the Bohemian element of Munich's artists, who, as a rule, come here to discuss the day's events.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## The Dukes of Savoy.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 10th, 1899.—"The Savoy" recalls the fact, according to an historical authority, that the site of the present *Savoy Hotel* is part of a plot of ground given by Henry III. to the Earl of Savoy, who, in the year 1245, built there the old Savoy palace. Like most palaces in those unsettled times, the Savoy was also a fortress and a prison, and here it was that King John of France was lodged when taken prisoner by the Black Prince at Poitiers in 1356. Even in those early days, the Savoy had a reputation for gastronomic festivities, and it is recorded that "there came to see him the King and Queen oftentimes, and made him great feast and cheer." Geoffrey Chaucer, too, came here frequently to dine with John O'Gaunt, and here he wrote many of his poems. The old palace was sacked and reduced to ruins by Wat Tyler's rebels, but its restoration was begun by Henry VII. and completed by Henry VIII. The beautiful chapel of St. Mary-le-Savoy is the only portion of these buildings now left. As part of the Duchy of Lancaster the chapel is one of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, and it was restored at the expense of the Queen after a disastrous fire in 1864.

But our present business is with the *Savoy* of to-day, an institution which well perpetuates the hospitality of its old-time predecessors, and which, although not a palace in name, is in every way truly palatial. The building itself is one of the architectural features of London. Seen from the river or the Thames Embankment, it impresses one with an idea of airy elegance combined with structural solidity. In the summer time, especially its spacious verandas and high white walls look delightfully cool and restful, and it seems to extend a smiling invitation to the hot and thirsty traveler to enter its hospitable portals. "The Savoy" has not only met the demand for a higher style of hotel accommodations and catering, but has done much to create and lead it, and so has deservedly attained the position of being the acknowledged Mecca of all true gourmets, and a favorite haunt of the epicure and connoisseur. "A dinner at the Savoy" is the acme of society's fondest expectations. *Timbals de filets de sole à la Savoy*, suggested the manager, as I consulted him recently about a special dinner, and though I didn't quite know what that was, it sounded well and went down on the paper. I wanted a *mousse* for the entrée, for I knew there are no such *mousses* to be got elsewhere; and then the manager suggested *Poulet de grain Pologne*, and as he described the method of cooking, and how the juices of the liver soaked into the bird, and the essence of the chicken permeated the liver, I gave up my first idea of the celebrated *canard en chemise*. That was my idea of a charming little dinner, but the manager insisted on the finishing touches being administered by a *parfait de foie gras*, English asparagus, and *pêches glacées vanille*. It was a dinner which would have done honor to any royal table, for every course was served by accomplished waiters, under the care of a vigilant *maitre d'hôtel*, and thoroughly graduated as to time and temperature. Indeed, a dinner at the Savoy, be it in the *salles-a-manger* or on the romantic terrace of the restaurant, is a feast and a part of life's memory.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## The Latest in Berlin.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, June 7th, 1899.—This modern Chicago of Germany is little behind its western rival, excepting that we have the Spree instead of Lake Michigan, which is a pity indeed. But Berlin makes up in other attractions; indeed, a great circus or an invisible show seems to animate life in this centre of Germany's federation. Perhaps the magnificent soldiery of the Kaiser's *guard du corps* is its chief attraction, and causes large numbers of visitors, both native and foreign, to crowd the hotels, and particularly the *Westminster Hotel*. This house is now the rendezvous of refined Anglo-American society stars. It is not large, about a hundred rooms with bath-rooms, as truly first-class hotels ought to be, and it is precisely on the favored side of *Unter den Linden*, with a large frontage and a free, unobstructed view of the life which passes along this boulevard, chiefly between the Emperor's castle and the historical Brandenburg Gate. A similarly happy location may not be found in any other city on this Continent, and the fact that the Kaiser cannot possibly leave his castle without passing

the "Westminster Hotel" insures the guests of this house a good view of Germany's renowned monarch and the bustle which surrounds him. But the *Westminster* typifies all and everything that is elegant and attractive in Berlin hotel life. German ingenuity and German enterprise is a household word the world over, and both will be found in this hotel. A lavish expenditure of money has furnished the house with unstinted elegance and comfort. Almost every suite and apartment bears a different complexion, and, on the whole, the English style of "ample ease" seems to predominate. A clear sky, such as ever smiles on this beautiful and well-governed town, sends ample light through long windows, and reflects on its furnishings to great advantage. The guest of this hotel is at once surrounded with modern arrangements and German discipline, splendid, as a rule, and particularly faultless in the Kaiser's neighborhood. A rare cuisine offers every style of food, from the peculiarities of our own "home comforts" to the specialties which delight a cockney's heart. Here the management practices absolute expansion, for, in spite of the fact that the house is intended for the very best of a traveling public, its large cellars are stocked with unusual supplies of rare wines, and its kitchen and storerooms carry equally large assortments of marketable products. This is chiefly on account of Berlin's social stars, who come here to dine in the picturesque salons, chiefly because the cuisine of the *Westminster* has but one equal, "the Central Hotel" of this town, which is under the same management. A wise and practical arrangement is the postal and transportation facilities of this hotel. You can connect from the porter's lodge in the picturesque lobby with any part of Europe accessible by phone, and by wire with any city on the mercantile map of the world. You can do your talking in English, and consult a long file of latest American papers at your service in the handsome parlors. You can step out of the lobby into the adjoining café, also under the same management, and fancy yourself in a Wiener café by the Danube. You can enjoy from your windows the exceptional music of many regiments as they march past to exercise on the fields outside of the city, and, in short, you can knock about Berlin until exhausted, return for recuperation to this excellent hotel, all for a very reasonable sum compared to New York hotel rates.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Our Home in London.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 12th, 1899.—That man should go on traveling when he can stop in this great town and enjoy the pleasures of American comfort at the *Hotel Cecil*; that he should tolerate strange beds and stranger dinners and railway porters of equally strange aspect, and snatch the fruit of pleasure among the voracious insects of remote parts, is a constant puzzle to philosophers of the school of Pascal. It is so easy not to go to Venice, where there be mosquitoes; to Italy, where there are old churches; to Norway, where there is said to be a fly which bites a piece out of you and flies off to eat it on the branch of a neighboring tree; to the coast of Spain, where there are bandits; to Ireland, and Amroth (wherever that may be), the prudent American traveler would first explore the various attractions of this great town, ever sure of hearing a familiar tongue and to find "home comforts" at the *Cecil Hotel*, he would, in my opinion, secure the greatest measure of relaxation and satisfaction. There are so many "completely arranged tours" fairly hurled at the public, both in Mr. Murray's guides and by insinuating agencies, that their number is apt to confuse the pilgrim who does not exactly know where he wishes to go, and whose wife and family are only certain to wish to go somewhere else. The easiest solution of this dilemma, it would seem to me, is for the average American to come to London and make a bee-line for the *Cecil*, or any other equally well-appointed hotel. "The Cecil" has the advantage of location, and is a community within itself. It is largely conducted on American lines, and caters to American trade. In a word, the *Cecil* is to London just what the Waldorf-Astoria is to New York, with the addition of an incomparable view of the Thames and the historic buildings and landmarks which line that equally historic river. The front of this majestic hostelry is the most regal and imposing on the embankment. It overlooks the boulevard and the broad river, and commands a sweeping view far into the east part of London. But the interior arrangements are equally interesting. Light and cheer, very rare in London houses, are to be found in every room. The corridors and lobbies are high and wide, so are the staircases. But the most imposing are the assembly-rooms, including real American parlors, drawing-rooms and writing-rooms. It is difficult to say which is the more interesting. A liberal expenditure of money has secured the latest and most practical innovations known to modern science. Electricity is employed in every direction, and it is only necessary to keep our eyes open in order to find what we want. The main lobby resembles a typical American picture. Everybody congregates here "to see and be seen," and the clever assistant manager, who happens to be a New York gentleman, reminds us of familiar scenes in New York hotels. But while all this contributes greatly to our general contentment, the restaurant and dining-halls of *The Cecil* are "the feature" of London. You are sure to meet great personages here, for its cuisine rivals the best in history, and is superior to many in our day. Large supplies from near and far, and invariably of the best quality, are required daily for the unusual demands made by its numerous patrons. The menu is a model of epicurean philosophy; almost every nation's leading specialty is enumerated, and recognized by the initiated gourmet. An exemplary service contributes to our contentment, and, in short, *The Cecil* is a fitting finale to the various innovations in hotel life which mark the close of this century.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## When I Have Time.

WHEN I have time I'll pause and turn aside;  
I'll take the parrow way; forsake the wide;  
I'll shun the thoroughfares where traffic grinds  
Forever and anon.

Where lucre's sheen the soul of mankind blinds,  
But drives and shoves him on;  
And guides his fingers to his neighbor's purse,  
And sinks him to perdition's depths or worse;  
I'll quit these scenes, some day—  
When I have time.

When I have time, at home I'll spend it more;  
I'll kiss the face that greets me at the door;  
And by my tired wife I'll take my place,  
Her burdens will I share.

I'll smooth her way; I'll banish from her face  
The shad'wy clouds of care.

I'll hie me to the by-ways; the oppressed  
I'll aid; I'll comfort the distressed.

These things I'll do, and more—  
When I have time.

When I have time I'll make my peace with God;  
I'll tread the paths that other saints have trod;  
I'll take my dusty Bible from its shelf  
And read it through and through.

I'll learn to love my neighbor as myself  
(A precept learned by few),

And then, some day, I'll lay me down to rest,  
Well satisfied that I have done my best—  
Some day; not now; not yet;  
When I have time.

LAWRENCE PORCHER HEXT.

## The Hamburg Cult.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

HAMBURG, June 8th, 1899.—A really comfortable hotel in the very heart of this great seaport town, and yet so removed to escape the noise of trains and general bustle, has long been a necessity in Hamburg. The traveling public, natives and foreigners alike, have long since expressed a desire for a really modern house, with moderate charges, and some of those "home comforts" undiscoverable in the antiquated inns which have dominated Hamburg in the past. The management of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* has supplied both wants with recent innovations and practical additions. With the aid of clever architects and fashionable decorators they have managed to produce an exemplary hotel, with an equitable tariff. The *Hôtel de l'Europe* enjoys an exceptional reputation throughout Europe, and America as well. A very favorable location—its entire front facing the "Alster Lake," and boulevard, is in itself a "drawing card." It is an ever new and fascinating attraction to view from our window the nautical scenes on the splendid lake, and the playful steamer cutting its smooth surface bound for the picturesque suburbs which line the Elbe. Within the house every arrangement points to a high degree of excellence and cheeriness. Assembly rooms of various descriptions offer ease to those seeking rest, and a view through the large windows on the kaleidoscopic scenes outside. The dining-rooms have held many a royal feast, for its cuisine is "a feature" of this opulent port, and not a few of local celebrities worship Epicurus at these well-appointed tables. Beyond this is a semi-Oriental court, a tropical pavilion, a bijou of a parlor, if you like, for large double doors connect this with the "American parlor" and writing salon, all in a semicircle, as it were, until we find ourselves again in the grand lobby, with a swift elevator to the left, and telephone office, porter's lodge, and main office

in front of us. Next to this hotel is the principal café of Hamburg. The cream of local society and the best from every other hotel congregate in this typical Wiener café "to see and be seen," and help to swell a Bohemian crowd as fascinating as it is interesting in temperament. But the internal arrangements of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* also deserve particular mention. Not alone does it maintain a famous cuisine, but its service has often caused favorable comment, and eulogistic reference in the press. From the manager down, and I may say to the porter and his staff, every one is a graduate in politeness, and ever willing with that courteous air peculiar to German discipline. The commercial ethics of Hamburg has established a standard for other cities in Germany to follow. The business honor of this Hanse town is above all criticism, and is duly reflected in the absolutely correct dealings of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*. Your bill will be according to a well-defined and graduated tariff, without extras. You may dine off its excellent menu, or lose yourself among the inferior restaurants of the town. The charge is precisely for what you get, and nothing more. This exceptional rule has made it famous, and as a result it is often overcrowded, particularly on arrival-days of steamers from America.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## A Popular Hotel Syndicate.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 11th, 1899.—The Londoner of to-day with a memory for things as they used to be has only to look around him to see how infinitely better off he can count himself now than formerly, and, if he is not grateful accordingly, he, at any rate, ought to be. The avowed gourmet in the "sere and yellow" who unblushingly recalls the days when it was necessary to go over to Paris in order to get a decent dinner, is stared at in these times as a curiosity, and regarded even in some quarters with suspicion. The spoiled and pampered Londoner, at the end of a century that has witnessed unexampled reforms naturally refuses to believe that discomfort could have had his charms, or that the days of horsehair furniture, samplers, snuff-taking, and "plain" dinners can have been worth living at all. It is well known nowadays, and almost as familiar in New York, that the *Gordon Hotel Company* represents all that is elegant and progressive in modern London hotels. The stately "Grand," the refined and elegant "Metropole," and the popular "Victoria," in Northumberland avenue, are familiar to every tourist of note, and each of these has a large clientèle from the best society in both continents. These houses are provided with every modern appliance and practical innovation, and not a day passes but that some distinguished name is added to the long list of social stars which fill the pages of its registers. There is also that very popular *First Avenue Hotel*, in Holborn, with a very long frontage to the busy street, and preferred by the Bohemian traveler who desires to see London life with all its kaleidoscopic changes and variations. Unlike similar houses here and elsewhere, the management in either of these four hotels is particularly distinguished by a uniform code of well-defined and observed equity and discipline. Complaints are so scarce that a criticism would be considered a novelty. The management is nearly perfect, because none but experienced assistants are employed, and these are bound to move and act within a scope of well-defined limitations in both continents. These houses are received on an equal basis, and all are entitled to the general privileges of these houses, conformable to the accommodations engaged, of course. In addition, this great hotel syndicate owns the *Metropole* and *Clarence Rooms*, at Brighton; the *Burlington*, at Eastbourne; the *Royal Pier Hotel*, at Ryde, Isle of Wight; *Lord Warden Hotel*, at Dover; the *Metropole*, at Folkestone, and *Grand Hotel*, at Broadstairs. By virtue of these ramifications and connections, it enables the guest of its London Hotels to spend Sundays (always a tedious day in town) at any of these suburban hotels, chiefly at Brighton or at the *Burlington Hotel* in Margate. This is an exceptional opportunity for Americans who can secure accommodations by the seaside, and, in fact, have the little excursions arranged at the office of any of the four London houses. This same company also owns the *Hotel Metropole*, in Monte Carlo, and a similar house by the same name in Cannes. These houses are almost always crowded by prominent English families and many social stars from New York and Boston, who have become regular customers, and chiefly through an acquaintance with the London houses above referred to. In view of the unusual crowds which fill London this season, I would strongly advise travelers to communicate first with the manager of the hotel he has selected.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Life Insurance—Another Lesson.

THE old members of the Northwestern Life Assurance Company, who went into the organization when it was known as the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association, are having the same sort of trouble that all the old members of assessment and fraternal associations sooner or later are bound to have. The assertion is made that the bi-monthly assessments required of the old members of the Northwestern are very high. One member who carries a policy, written twenty years ago, for \$7,500, says his bi-monthly assessments are nearly \$500, or at the rate of about \$3,000 a year. But the company insists that such assessments are warranted by the rate of mortality, and I do not see but what this statement may be justified, for it has been the history of assessment insurance that as the ages of the members increase and the death rate increases naturally, the assessments must be largely advanced. In an old-line company, on the other hand, the older the policy the greater its value to the insured. Whenever the holder is compelled to give it up he gets something in return for what he has paid in. Assessment insurance is cheap to start off with, but it is by far the most expensive in the end.

"W. A. H., Dubuque, Iowa: If you can get insurance in one of the old-line companies, I would drop the policy in the reorganized assessment concern. Your policy in the Mutual Life, of New York, is one of the best. You can sleep over it without feeling disturbed."

"G., Bay City, Michigan: The Hartford Life is classified in the New York report with the co-operative or assessment-insurance associations, though it was originally organized as a regular stock life-insurance company under a special charter. Last year its total income was \$2,120,000, of which it paid to its members nearly \$1,500,000. Its liabilities are small, and its balance to protect its contracts is very large. I regard the company with favor for one of its class."

"Executor," Plainfield, New Jersey: If the facts are as stated, your claim is good, and the courts will so hold.

The Hermit.

## Danger Conjured.

WE have just learned of the death in a London jail of a woman who had been a rather notorious vender of cosmetics, and who, under the pretext of reviving the complexion, only succeeded in destroying it. For this she had been condemned to six years in prison with hard labor, and has just died.

Ladies would avoid all danger of such fraud if they would follow the treatment of that learned hygienist, Dr. Dys. He has invented small Toilet Sachets, which, when spread into toilet water, give out a milky substance always fresh, which gives youth to the complexion and does away with all wrinkles. He has just obtained the large gold medal at the London Hygienic Exhibition. V. Darsy, sole preparer of his aesthetic products, has opened in New York, at 129 East Twenty-sixth Street, a store where he gives advice and whence he sends free of charge the prospectus necessary to enable every lady to select the kind of Toilet Sachets most suitable to her individual complexion.

For Abuse of Alcohol

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. E. B. DAVIS, Dayton, Ohio, says:

"Very good results in cases of nervous debility from excessive drinking, and insomnia."

Delicious Flavor.

COFFEE, tea, chocolate, and many summer beverages are given a rich and delicate flavor by the use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Lay in a supply for camping, fishing, and other excursions.





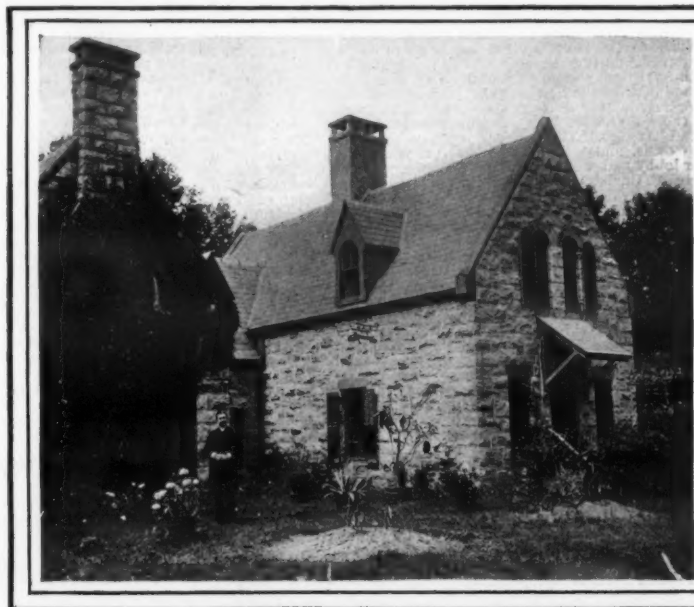
CROWDS OF CHILDREN GATHERED AT THE CLARK HOUSE TO SEE THE KIDNAPPED CHILD.



DEPUTY-SHERIFF CHARLESON, WHO ARRESTED THE KIDNAPPERS, DECLARES: "I WANT MY DIVVY ON THAT THERE REWARD!"



ROOM IN THE YOUMANS' HOUSE, WHERE THE KIDNAPPED BABY WAS KEPT AT NIGHT.



THE COMBINED CHURCH, SCHOOL, AND POST-OFFICE AT ST. JOHN'S—THE RECTOR, THE REV. MR. MERRICK, IN FOREGROUND.



MRS. CAREY, THE POSTMISTRESS, WHO RESTORED THE LOST CHILD.



LITTLE RUTH CAREY AND HER DOG.



THE KIDNAPPED CHILD IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS.  
*Photograph by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.*

### The Kidnapped Child—Marion Clark.

STRANGE STORY OF A CRIME WHICH HAS MANY REMARKABLE AND SOME INEXPLICABLE PHASES—EIGHT THOUSAND POLICE SEARCH IN VAIN, WHILE A COUNTRY POSTMISTRESS FINDS THE LOST ONE.

A LITTLE girl who had reached her second summer went out with her nurse for an airing in Central Park, New York, one Sunday afternoon in May, 1899, and vanished—stolen by the treacherous hand that should have protected her. And for the eleven days and nights that followed her disappearance, this little child became the focus of asupreme interest to millions of people in many cities. There was nothing in little Miss Marion Clark to excite more than usual attention. The stupendous wave of emotion aroused by her loss was simply the evidence of a higher humanity.

Arthur W. Clark, a book-canvasser, lives with his pretty young wife in two furnished rooms on the second floor of the boarding-house, No. 159 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York. Clark is poor—poor even for a book canvasser—working on commission for a publishing-house. Mrs. Clark found one day

that the care of her child would oblige her to hire a nurse. There came one Wednesday morning, in answer to an advertisement, a demure, self-possessed, taciturn young woman, with a voice gently subdued, and a smile that brought her teeth pleasantly into play. Her name was Carrie Jones, and she produced a written certificate of character supposed to have been signed by the clergyman of the village of Deposit, New York, where she had lived. In her subsequent confession, made after her arrest for the kidnapping, Carrie Jones, or Belle Anderson, to use her real name, declares herself to have been the pliable, weak tool of her accomplices. No one who will take the trouble to study the hard, masculine, virile physiognomy of the woman can believe that she was anything but an active, willing participant, if not the co-leader, in the conspiracy.

The nurse was engaged on Wednesday, May 17th, and on the

Sunday that followed, four days later, she lifted little Marion out of her baby-carriage in the Central Park, and from that minute was lost. Mrs. Clark saw the hands of the clock creep on to one o'clock, when Clark returned to his house after the usual Sunday morning walk. The nurse was three hours overdue. Ten minutes later Clark was around the arsenal, looking for his child. He presently saw the empty baby-carriage. All search failed, and Clark reported the disappearance to the arsenal police. Any doubt as to precisely what the nurse had done with the baby was set at rest when, at three o'clock that afternoon, the bell of the house rang and a small boy with a pale, frightened face pushed the following letter into Clark's hands:

MR. CLARK—Do not look for your nurse and baby. They are safe in our possession, where they will remain for the present. If the matter is kept out of the hands of the police and the newspapers you will get

(Continued on page 496.)



# WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



THE J. B. WILLIAMS Co., Glastonbury Conn.  
Dear Sirs:—

I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,  
Detroit, Mich.

**MORAL:** Protect yourself by insisting that your barber uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. Accept no substitute from dealers if you shave yourself. Williams' Soaps are sold all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.  
Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

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## Buy Gilpin and Cripple Creek . . .

## GOLD MINING STOCK,

At 45 Cents per Share.

THE Company owns the Montgomery mine, patented, an old and well-known Gilpin County producer, with thousands of feet of development work; the Atlanta mine, patented, a Cripple Creek producer, adjoining some of the most prominent properties in the camp, particularly the famous Hull City Placer, of the Independence T. & M. Company, the latter property having produced about \$800,000.00 last year. The Atlanta has about 1,000 feet of development work. Both the above mines are equipped with fine steam plants of machinery, shaft houses, ore houses, engine houses, etc., while the railroad tracks crossing both properties enable cheap handling of the ore produced by the mines. They have already produced many thousands of dollars in gold. The Company also owns the Roanna, adjoining the Atlanta. The above mines are free from debt; in fact the Company has a large treasury reserve, is capitalized for 1,000,000 shares, par value \$1.00 per share, full paid and non-assessable. We advise that orders be sent to day for the stock, and same should be accompanied by checks, drafts, or money orders. Full particulars regarding the above or other mining stocks, and also our weekly market letter, mailed free upon application.

After many years of experience in the mining-stock business, we are pleased to call attention to the following

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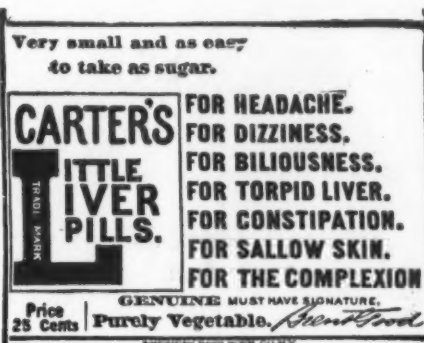
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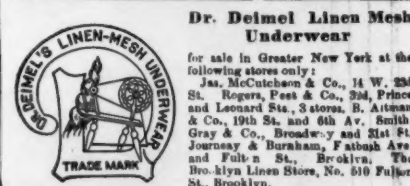
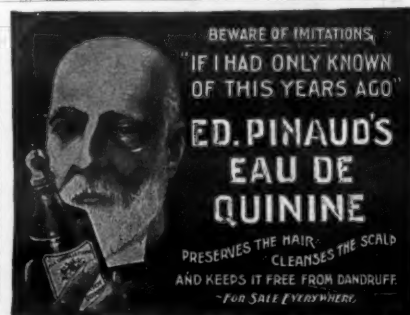
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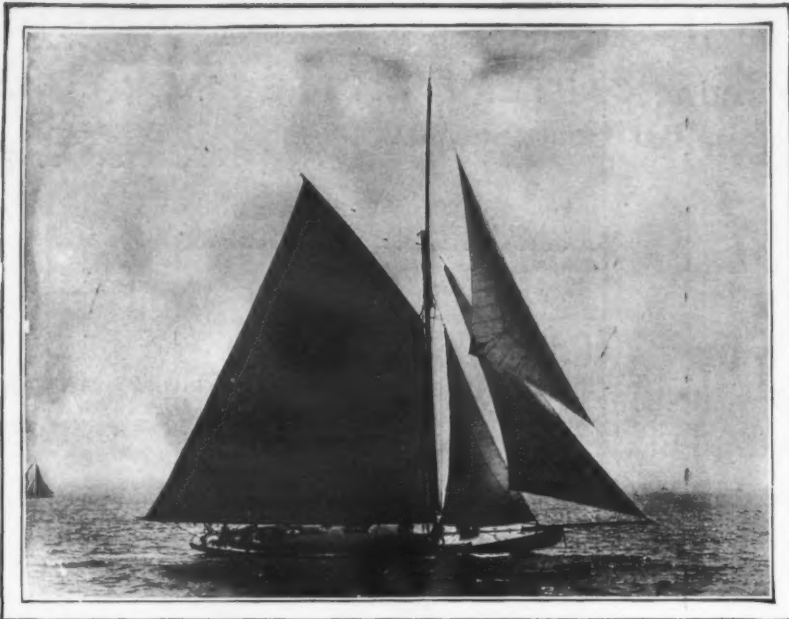
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THE "ACUSHLA," ONE OF THE NEWEST AND FASTEST SLOOPS.



THE NEW AND OLD ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB-HOUSES AT SEA GATE—NEW HOUSE IN FOREGROUND.

Photographs by J. C. Hemment.

### The Atlantic Yacht Club's Opening.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club, of New York, opened its season auspiciously on Memorial Day, at Norton's Point. There was a large attendance of club men, their sisters, sweethearts, and wives, who arrived at Sea Gate by various routes. Owing to a death in Commodore Adams's family the flag-ship *Sachem* took no prominent part in the celebration, and the duty of commanding officer devolved upon Vice-Commodore Whitlock, of the schooner *Ramona*.

At eleven o'clock the club bargee was hoisted on the flag-staff and saluted by a fusillade from the fleet, followed by the pop of champagne corks ashore. The shriek of the syren on the regatta committee's boat summoned all hands aboard, and led by Colonel

David E. Austen, John L. Bliss, and Louis T. Jackson, the officers in charge, a merry party boarded the craft, which immediately put to sea and got into position for starting the race. Only one schooner, the *Katrina*, owned by Mr. Robert E. Tod, crossed the line. This was her first appearance in her new rig, she having been a sloop originally and then a yawl, and mighty pretty she looked and fast did she sail. The craft that excited the most enthusiasm was *Acushla II.*, owned by Wilmer Hanan and built by Hanley. This was her maiden race, and although a trifle tender she developed a wonderful burst of speed, leading the fleet of single-stickers. It is true that she had only the *Chispa* and the *Uvira* to sail against, but she showed unmistakable signs of having a great future before her when tuned up to racing pitch. Another new boat that was much admired was

J. R. Maxwell's *Oiseau*, a twenty-five-foot knockabout, designed by Nat Herreshoff. Her opponent was the *Newasi*, and she beat her twenty minutes. The *Katrina* went round Scotland light-ship, a distance of twenty-one and one-half miles, the single-stickers sailing over the usual courses for their classes. Attending the racers were the steam-yachts *Atalanta*, *Sagamore*, *Wachusett*, *Sapphire*, *Llewellyn*, and *Tranquilo*. Bound out on her trial trip was Commodore Pierpont Morgan's magnificent new steam-yacht *Corsair*, whose grace and speed evoked warm admiration.

The winners were *Katrina*, *Acushla II.*, *Eidolon*, *Memory*, *Oiseau*, and *Qui Vive*. After the race there was high festival at the club-house, one of the finest in the country, and every one voted the opening a great success.

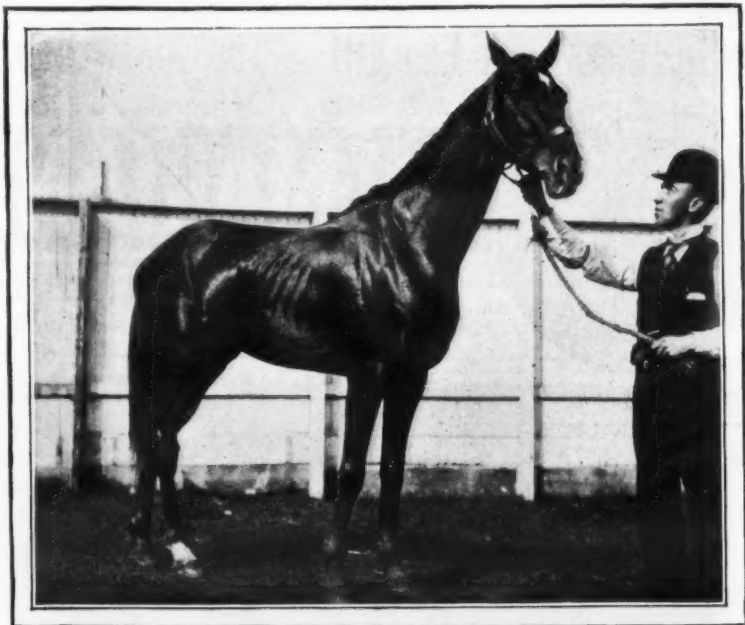
### Three Favorites in the Suburban.

SOME OF THE BEST-KNOWN HORSES AS THEY APPEARED IN READINESS FOR ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE CONTESTS OF THE YEAR.

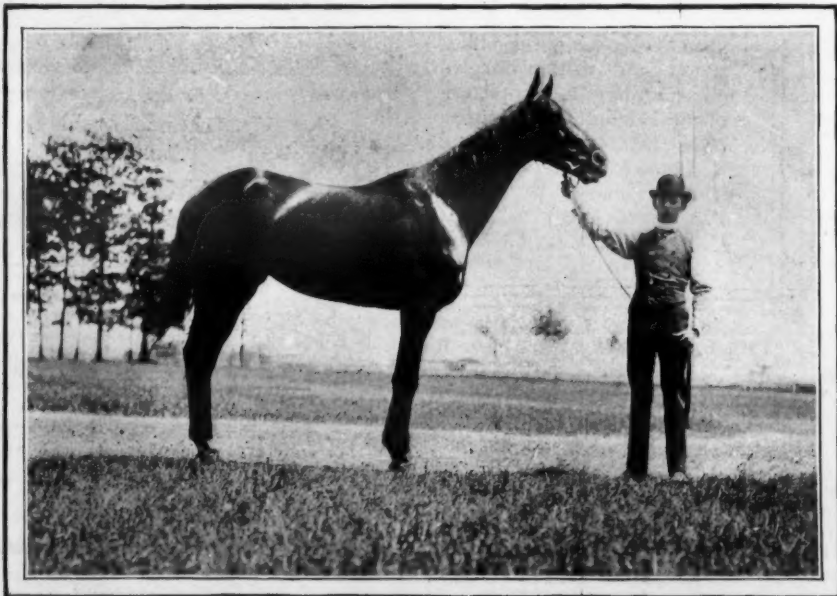
THREE distinguished thoroughbreds are just now objects of peculiar affectionate interest to that very large part of the American public with whom hope, despair, joy and sorrow are centred in the "horse." They were among the first favorites in the Suburban at Sheepshead Bay on Saturday, June 17th. About 25,000 perspiring gentlemen—not otherwise lunatics—are always expected to dance and howl and wave their arms in the manner of Dervishes, as the stream of many colors flies down the homestretch toward the judges' box. The average duration of the Suburban is about two minutes and eight seconds, and this, with the hoisting of the numbers in the judges' box, comprises the net result of many days and nights of anxious care, watchfulness, labor, study, speculation, grave judicial analysis, devoted to the simplest of all problems in equine nature—that of making a horse go as fast as his legs will carry him or his rider can make him.

Go into Wyndham Walden's stable and they will tell you that Filigrane is the best three-year-old this country ever saw—not excepting Henry of Navarre. "He's as gentle as he's good," says the boy whose duty it is to ride the colt in his gallops. "A baby might handle him." And as if in answer to the comment, Filigrane puts his head over the half-open stable-door and rubs his nose against the neck of the man who is going to take his portrait. The people associated with Banastar swear by him always. Briar Sweet is a beautiful mare. Her series of brilliant decisive victories in the summer and fall of 1898 is well remembered. Don de Oro is the pride and joy of the astute and tireless gentlemen who fill space in the columns of the New York daily papers. James Boden, his present owner, has at least accomplished a seemingly impossible task—that of making Don de Oro run consistently. It was necessary to bribe Don de Oro with a feed of oats before he would consent to have his portrait taken. The course at Sheepshead Bay—perhaps the prettiest in the world—never looked more attractive than it does now.

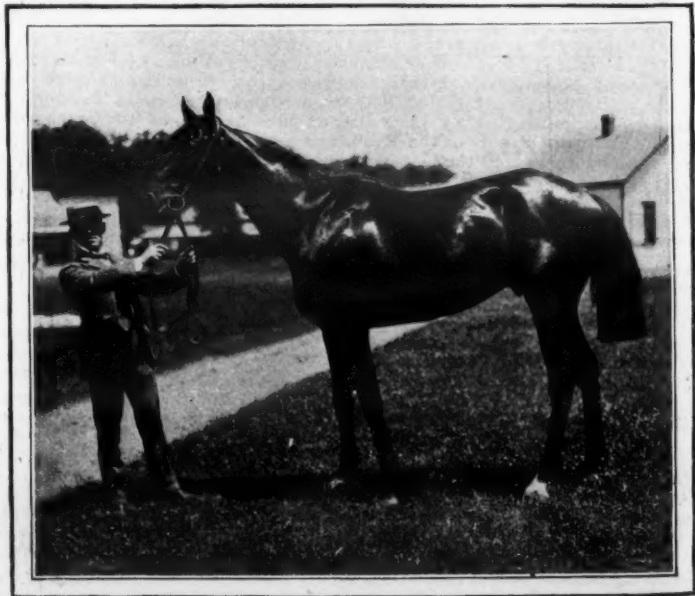
S. S.



BODEN'S DON DE ORO, THE FAVORITE OF THE NEWSPAPER MEN.



BRIAR SWEET, A STERLING RACER.




FILIGRANE, WITH LITTLEFIELD, THE JOCKEY, AT HIS HEAD.



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Cure Bilious and Nervous Disorders.  
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**SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD**



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If any reader, suffering from rheumatism, will write to me, I will send them free of cost a trial package of a simple and harmless remedy which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 40 years' standing. This is an honest remedy that you can test before you part with your money. Address: JOHN A. SMITH, 242 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

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LV. WASH'N 3.00 P.M. AR. NEW YORK 8.00 P.M.

### THE FISHERMAN.

Who is it with a funeral tread  
Comes slowly home and goes to bed  
And utters what is best unsaid?  
'Tis he who, eating but a bun,  
Has fished since early rose the sun  
And after all caught nary one.—*Judge.*

Dr. Siebert's Angostura Bitters are recommended to friends who suffer with dyspepsia.

The famous Sohmer Piano has justly earned its reputation, because it is the best instrument in the world.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, the best all the time—all seasons, all people; benefits mind and body. At grocers and druggists.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Try it. Once used, it takes the precedence of all others—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It has a most delicious bouquet.

### SUMMER OUTINGS.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces the following personally-conducted tours for the summer and early autumn of 1899:

To the North, including Niagara Falls, Toronto, Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, Roberval (Lake St. John), the Saguenay, Au Sabie Chas, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a daylight ride through the Highlands of the Hudson, July 22d to August 7th. Rate, \$125. August 12th to 25th, visiting same points as first tour except Roberval and the Saguenay. Rate, \$100 for the round trip, from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Proportionate rates from other points.

Five-day tour to Gettysburg, Luray, and Washington, September 16th. Rate, \$25 from New York, \$22 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points.

An eleven-day tour to Gettysburg, Luray, Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond and Washington, October 19th. Rate, \$65 from New York, \$63 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and further information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

### N. E. A. CONVENTION OF 1899.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JULY 11th TO 14th.

TEACHERS' personally-conducted tour, including trip through Yellowstone Park, leaving New York via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Through the delightfully cool mountain regions of Colorado, going and returning via the Great Northwest.

Tour A.—New York to Los Angeles and return. Going via Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, and returning via San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Minneapolis and St. Paul, including carriage drive through Garden of the Gods, tour through Yellowstone National Park, one double berth in sleeper, all meals en route in dining car, New York to Los Angeles, going, and at meal stations, in dining cars, and at hotels returning, except on the trip between San Francisco and Portland, where four meals are served in dining cars on Southern Pacific, à la carte, as likewise two lunches in dining cars on Northern Pacific, à la carte, and cannot, therefore, be included in rate, but the total expense of which should not exceed \$4, \$216.40. Where two occupy double berth, \$196.40.

The tour through Yellowstone Park includes railroad fare, stage fare, guides, etc., and five and one-half days' board at hotels en route.

Sleeping cars will be available at all times, except during the stay at San Francisco.

Tour B.—Same as Tour A, New York to Los Angeles, including double berth in sleeping car and meals on going trip only.

Returning independently from Los Angeles or San Francisco, via direct route within the limit of the ticket, \$131.15; where two occupy double berth on going trip, \$121.15; or, returning via Portland, Seattle, Minneapolis and St. Paul, \$143.65; where two occupy double berth on going trip, \$133.65.

Cost of hotel accommodations while in Los Angeles and San Francisco may be safely estimated at from \$2.00 to \$2.50 a day.

In case anyone desires to go earlier or later and join the party en route, special arrangements can be made.

It is important that all persons desiring to avail themselves of this trip should make application as early as possible in order that all arrangements may be completed in ample time for their accommodation.

The train schedule shown in this itinerary is subject to change. It will, however, serve to show the day of leaving, the route of travel, the stops, the day of arrival at Los Angeles, etc.

All persons booking for this tour will be notified in due time of any change in arrangements.

The tour will be personally conducted over the entire route, and the service of experienced railroad representatives will insure every attention for the comfort and pleasure of our party.

Ladies unattended can travel without anxiety and with perfect safety, as there will be a woman of experience in travel accompanying this party.

Information in reference to this special party can be had at any of the offices of the railroads used, including the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York; Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, 461 Broadway, New York; Union Pacific Railroad, 287 Broadway, New York; Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, 353 Broadway, New York; Northern Pacific Railroad, 319 Broadway, New York.

Also from Associate Superintendents Mr. W. A. Campbell, 223 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, New York; Mr. John H. Walsh, 30 Third Place, Brooklyn, New York; Mr. P. Marble, 78 West Ninety-fourth Street, New York; Mr. James Lee, 235 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, New York; Mr. Gustave Straubenmiller, 347 Manhattan Avenue, New York; Mr. Edward D. Farrell, 163 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, New York.

For the National Educational Association Convention, to be held at Los Angeles, California, July 11th to 14th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets via direct routes from points on its line, to Los Angeles, California, and return, at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00 membership fee. These tickets will be sold, good going, June 24th to July 7th, and, when stamped by Joint Agent at Los Angeles, good to return, arriving at final destination, until September 5th.

For further information apply to Ticket Agents.

REDUCED RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

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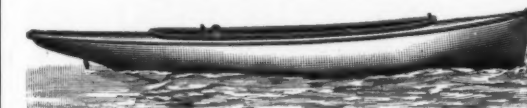
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Sir Henry Irving was seen going to the theatre Thursday evening puffing a fine cigar, and with a box of the Cortez Cigar Company's delight under his arm. The following to the Cortez Cigar Company explains the situation: "I thank you for your courtesy in sending me a box of your 'Hernan Cortez' cigars. I have tried them and they are most excellent."  
"Truly yours,  
"HENRY IRVING."

The original of this letter is framed at the De Soto Hotel cigar-stand.—*Morning News, Savannah, Ga.*

**Cortez Cigars**  
MADE AT KEY WEST, FLA.



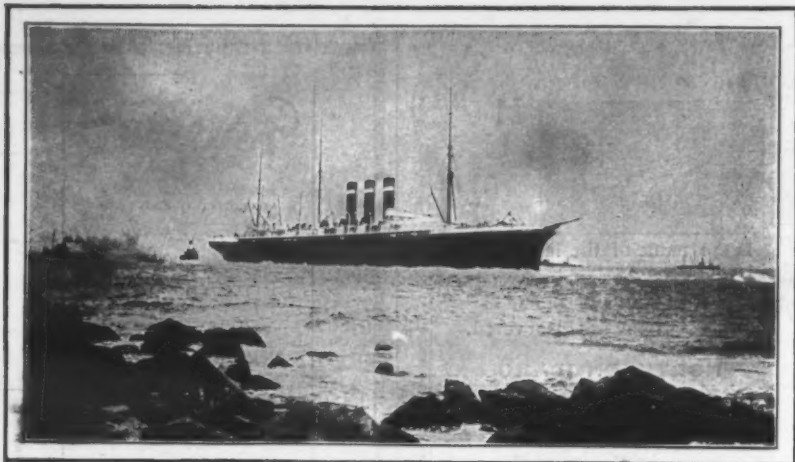
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"Mark Twain once told me of a new box of cigars he received one winter's day, and of giving several to his friends that evening. They said lots of good things about them, but in the morning he found each cigar on the snow by the front gate. 'I have found no 'Cortez Cigars' on the snow.'"  
"Yours sincerely,  
"E. W. NYE (Bill Nye)."



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SEND FOR BOOKLET . . . AND SAMPLES . . .  
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